

JAN.

FOR MEN 25¢ ONLY



TRUE Book Bonus

**NAZI-RUSSIAN
ESCAPE
NIGHTMARE
OF THE ALLIES'
29-KILL ACE**

(THE INCREDIBLE POW PILOT WHO
FOUGHT AS A FRONT-LINE RED GI)

**BLONDE BAIT
FOR MAJOR BOYCE'S
RAILROAD-BUSTING
COMMANDOS**

(EXCLUSIVE: THE SECRET INSIDE-EUROPE
RAID—TWO MONTHS BEFORE D-DAY)

**THE DAY THEY PASSED
OUT BAYONETS TO CO.E**

("...THE BRAVEST ATTACK
BY U.S. SOLDIERS SINCE
THE CIVIL WAR...")





Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *How to Gain a Command of Good English*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 18501J, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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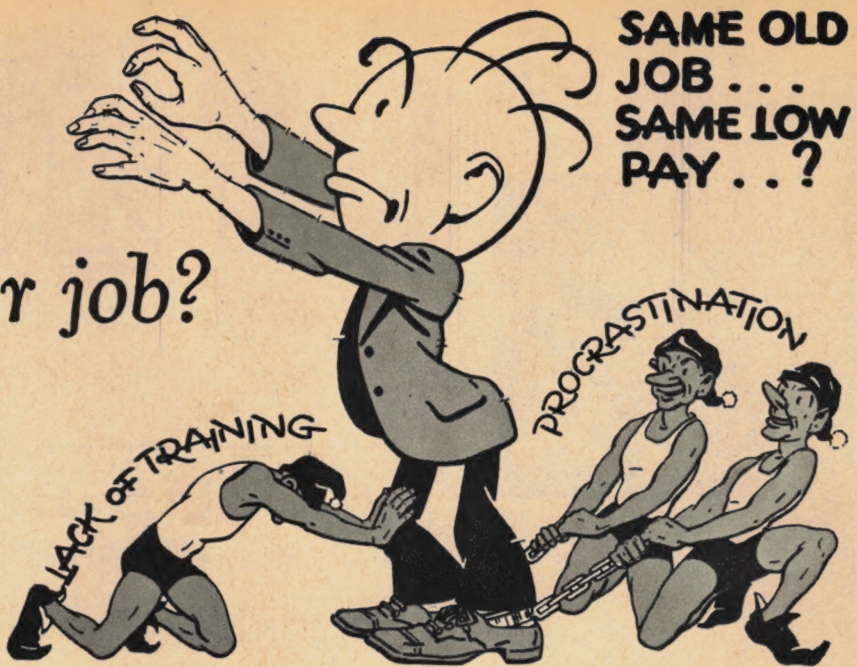
You can justify a real pay raise and a better position—by making one simple move—the move that opens the way to more earnings and promotions—*practical training*.

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FOR MEN ONLY

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CTI Home Training is prepared so that even a man of limited education, who has been out of school for years, can understand it. The lessons are written in simple English, and many illustrations are used to explain operating principles. Training kits of parts and tools are provided so that the student can develop his skill and acquire practical experience. CTI instructors are efficient and courteous. The student gets personalized training as well as extra help if he needs it.

Why Many Students Earn Cash as They Train



A CTI student spends a considerable part of his time training with kits we send. The 20 field-type projects provide him with experience. Due to the practical nature of this exclusive training, many students soon do repair work in spare time for profit. They make calls on their own, or develop servicing arrangements with local distributors and contractors. Their earnings often pay the cost of tuition before graduation.

How to Start a Business of Your Own

Once a student begins to do part-time servicing, he actually puts himself in his own business. Some students make contracts with owners of food stores, restaurants, and air conditioned buildings to handle servicing on a monthly fee basis. An impressive number of CTI students follow this success pattern—have a prosperous business under way by the time they graduate. Air Conditioning and Refrigeration is well suited for starting out on a modest basis, with very little capital, and then expanding as service calls increase.



Letters Prove Value of CTI Training

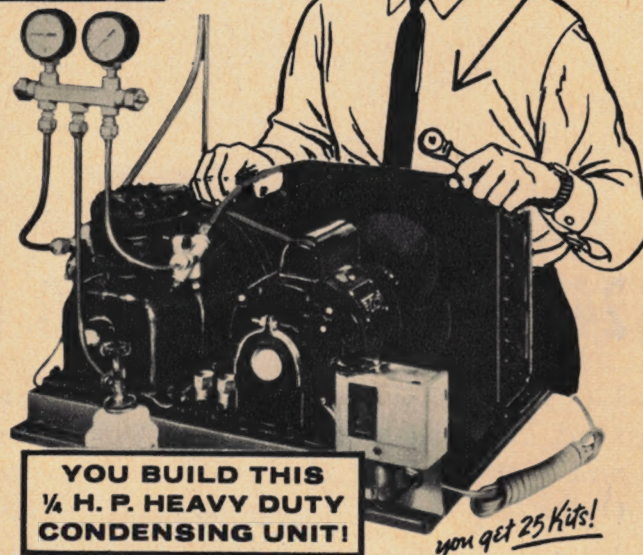
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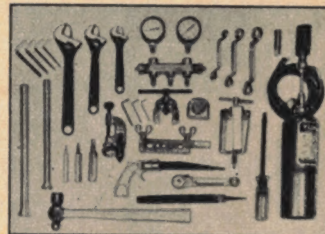
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Thanks I. C. S. for successful career. "Your engineering course stood me in good stead throughout a rewarding government career. Without it, I could not have passed rigid Civil Service exams which qualified me for steady advancement, good pay and challenging overseas assignments!"—W. J. Eichorn, San Francisco, Cal.

Calls courses "money in the bank." "I recommend the I. C. S. method to anyone who sincerely wants to get ahead. I completed my high school education through I. C. S. and am now studying Textile Engineering. I attribute my growing income to the fact that I. C. S. made me a valued employee."—Ezra Whitmore, Hogansville, Ga.



Housewife becomes house designer. "Less than 3 years ago I became interested in home designing, and wondered if it were possible for a housewife to compete in that field. Now, scarcely a year and a half after enrolling for Architectural Drawing, I have sold plans for 58 dwellings. It's almost too good to be true!"—Valerie J. Pack, Midway City, Cal.

Salary doubles since enrolling. "Mailing the I. C. S. coupon changed my entire life. My salary is now just about *double* what it was when I first enrolled!"—Ernest Garrett, Shreveport, La.

Says training pays for itself. "My initial investment has been returned to me many times over—in terms of a better job, higher pay, increased satisfaction. I owe it all to I. C. S."—J. B. Stone, Norwalk, Cal.



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NEW RED MENACE—Exhausted doctors in Hong Kong have been working day and night to head off an epidemic that can bust through the Bamboo Curtain at any moment. Despite Red denials, they have been having their hands full with a gigantic outbreak of cholera in the district around Canton. Already, the dread disease has slipped past the borders into Hong Kong and Macao—both havens for refugees from Communist terror on the Chinese mainland. So far, Hong Kong medics have been able to vaccinate 1,750,000 of the 3,000,000 population of the city and, in an effort to prevent the spread of cholera to all parts of the world, shipments of fresh fruits and vegetables (both of which might have been contaminated by the use of manure fertilizer) have been halted in and out of Hong Kong. The Red veil of silence concerning the epidemic sweeping Kwangtung province has shocked Western doctors. As one British physician sounded off, "Damn them! They had this thing raging in there and they tried to keep it a secret. It's inhuman!" Obvious reason for not releasing word of the scourge is the fact that Communist China has been boasting of its great health record since the Red takeover of the mainland.

SHADES OF DRACULA—An urgent warning has gone out across the United States—don't touch any bats you may see, especially if they are on the ground or are acting abnormally. There is a good chance they may be rabid. First case of rabid bats in this country occurred in Florida in 1953. Since then, cases have been reported in 31 states, with 24 species of bats confirmed as being infected. Latest of the 200 people bitten by rabid bats was a woman in Schenectady, N. Y. While she slept, she was attacked. Examination of the bat proved it to be rabid. Special notices have gone out to teachers who use bats as part of classroom exercises. Most terrible danger is the fact that even healthy bats may be carrying the rabies virus in their saliva.

THE OLD ARMY DISEASE—If it hadn't been for the Civil War, this country might never have had a temperance movement that blossomed out into full-scale prohibition. What prompted the do-gooders to get up in arms was the alarming drug addiction and cases of alcoholism that swept the nation as a result of the unrestricted use of narcotics and patent medicines during and immediately after the War between the States. Bottle remedies of the day were loaded with habit-forming drugs and/or a very high percentage of alcohol. It wasn't hard for a tensed-up or wounded GI of

MEDICAL ROUNDUP

FOR MEN ONLY



the 1860's to get hooked, but good. It was a foregone conclusion that somewhere along the line outraged citizens would back a temperance movement to wipe out the twin vices that were getting a firm toehold on the health of the war-years population.

CHANNEL 2 FOR SNEEZES—Someone has finally come out and said a nice thing about television. According to Australian medics, TV is credited as being a terrific cold cure. What TV does is this: it keeps people indoors on winter nights, which is the best aid for rapid recovery from a cold.

CHEESE IT! THE NURSE!—Every hospital boasts about its "model patients"—those shut-ins who cooperate with every rule and demand of the institution. Is it because these "nice guy" invalids are just anxious to get well and get out? "Hell, no!" claims a Chicago psychologist. The real reason is that they're scared to death of the nurses.

NOTHING SWEET ABOUT ACNE—While most dermatologists recommend that chocolate be eliminated from any acne patient's diet, sugar has definitely been proven to have no effect on the skin condition. In a strictly controlled test run on acne sufferers, results showed that skipping sugar completely made absolutely no difference in the long run.

ANOTHER TAX LOSS—If the 212,570 people who died of hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure in one year could have lived for another 365 days, they would have paid an additional \$151,774,980 in income taxes into the U.S. coffers. Actually, the scoreboard on American killers shows the listing as follows: heart and allied diseases—No. 1; next in line, cancer, followed by accidents, childhood diseases, pneumonia, diabetes, congenital malformations, cirrhosis of the liver, suicide and tuberculosis in that order.

THE FATTER THEY ARE . . .—Ever wonder why fat people have such a tough time breathing? Latest theory is that the chest wall of a fat man is much heavier than that of people of normal weight. As a result, chest movement (or breathing) requires greater effort. A man who weighs 400 pounds finds it hard to catch his breath just from trying to turn over in bed. However, the fat man rarely makes the effort, and his breathing is usually shallow and irregular. This causes uneven distribution of blood and air into the capillaries and air sacs of the lungs, which means that the vital organs are not getting adequate amounts of oxygen—which can lead to heart failure.



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GROUP OF FRIENDS ENTHUSIASTIC

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short snorts



"After all the money my country has given your country, surely you can afford a dime for a cup of coffee."

A handsome young man and a shapely girl in a nudist colony were sitting around with nothing to do when the young man suggested a game of dress poker.

"Dress poker?" asked the girl, her eyes lifting shyly. "How do you play dress poker?"

"Well," said the young man, "every time one of us loses a hand, we have to put on a piece of clothing."

"Nothing doing!" she snapped as she blushed. "Someone is liable to catch us!"

A man was told by his doctor that he must stop drinking. To overcome the craving, the doctor told him to eat something everytime he felt like taking a drink. He tried it and found that it worked rather well.

One night, however, he was in his hotel room and, upon hearing a strange sound in the next room, climbed on a chair and looked through the transom. Imagine his surprise when he saw a man just about to hang himself.

He rushed from the room, ran down the stairs three steps at a time, and made a bee-line for the bar in the hotel. Frantically he grabbed the bartender.

"S-s-say," he stammered, "there's a f-f-fellow in the room next to mine. He's hanging himself. For heaven's sake, give me a plate of ham and eggs—quick!"

The hen-pecked husband complained:

"My wife explored my pockets again last night."

"What did she get?" inquired his friend.

"About the same as any other explorer," the husband replied, "enough material for a lecture."

■ ■ ■

A traveling salesman was on a road trip and stopped overnight in a small hotel in Kentucky. Since the town was quite a way from his own town, there just wasn't anything to do. Finally he picked up the Gideon Bible that had been placed in the room. Pasted on the inside cover was a sticker that read:

"If you are lonely and discouraged, read through page 30."

As he finished the last page he saw a scribbled note in a feminine hand. The note read: "If you're still lonely, dial 255 and ask for Mary."

It was a beautiful moonlight night and the occasion was the Senior Prom at a Western university. A college senior had finally been able to get the apple of his eye alone as a musical number ended and they strolled out on the verandah of the country club where the dance was being held. After some moments of bliss, the man's rival for the affections of the pretty girl appeared on the scene, finding them locked in a tight embrace.

"I don't mind your necking with my girl," the intruder remarked caustically after a long moment, "but get your hand the hell off my fraternity pin!"

■ ■ ■

A young lady, who had recently been married, entered a downtown office and inquired of the man at the desk, "Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is."

"Well," she said demurely, "I'd like my husband's fidelity insured."



"Then there is someone else?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to FOR MEN ONLY, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.





Annette rushed to Boyce's side as the astonished Nazi agent gaped at the Beauvais depot erupting in flames.

Art by Al Rossi

BLONDE BAIT FOR MAJOR BOYCE'S RAILROAD-BUSTING COMMANDOS

by Leon Lazarus

At each end of the railroad bridge north of Mantes, about 30 miles west of Paris, marched two German sentries. It was a little past seven P.M., March 19, 1944, when the guard at the southern end heard the girl's voice call out from below.

She was extremely attractive, about 22, blonde. Staring up into the light thrown by the sentry's flash, her smile was frankly inviting. In passable German she requested permission to cross the bridge's footpath.

The soldier hesitated, shook his helmeted head slowly. The smile was replaced by a seductive pout. "Why not?" she coaxed. "One of the guards let me through last week and didn't regret it. Aren't you the friendly type?"

He said nothing, but slowly played the beam of light along the supple lines of her youthful body, noting the flawless curve of her hips, the rounded knees below the hem of her tight-fitting short skirt.

She waited until the beam returned to her face, then

PLEASE TURN PAGE

The entire success of the Normandy invasion depended on the information relayed to Supreme Allied HQ by the daring Yank dropped into France four months before D-Day.



French freedom fighters use cover of bombed-out buildings to scout a critical target area for U.S. planes

BLONDE BAIT

gave a short, impatient shrug of her slender shoulders. "All right," she said. "If you won't, you won't."

Turning, she started back, her hips swinging rhythmically.

"One second, Fraulein," the soldier called.

She paused, listening to his steps as he descended the short flight of iron stairs to the embankment. Slowly, she faced him—a chunky, thick-necked man. The German carried his rifle slung over his right shoulder.

"Now, Fraulein," he began somewhat evasively. "How *important* is it that you get to the other side?"

"Very important," she whispered. "There is a job waiting for me in Pontoise. It isn't much, a waitress' position." She shrugged her shoulders. "A girl can't be too fussy these days."

He nodded toward the opposite end of the bridge. "Of course, there's my partner to consider, too. You will have to come to terms with him."

She shrugged again. "Surely, like yourself, your partner will be reasonable. If I don't get to Pontoise tonight, I will lose the job."

"We won't let that happen," he assured her, pointing to the dark woods alongside the bank. "After you, Fraulein."

She started walking, the German directly behind. She chose a narrow trail leading off between towering, bare-limbed oaks. A short distance off was the clearing. She entered it first, turned,

leaned against one of the broad trunks. The soldier paused, unslung his rifle and balanced it against a stump. Eagerly, he came toward her.

The German never touched the girl. The moment after he left his rifle there was a quick movement to his left. He whirled, but not in time. Two figures hit him simultaneously.

As his back slammed against the ground he gasped, the wind knocked out of him. Grunting, he attempted to pull himself to a sitting position. The taller of his assailants lashed out with the side of his hand, catching the German on the left side of his windpipe. There was an ugly, cracking sound followed by a spasmodic rattle. The chunky figure went limp.

The man who had wielded the death blow sprang lightly to his feet. "You all right, Annette?" he whispered in his American-accented French.

"Yes, Boyce," she whispered back.

The second man, who had been stripping the dead German of his jacket, handed it to Boyce along with the soldier's helmet.

After slipping out of his own jacket, which he gave to the girl, Boyce put on the soldier's tunic and helmet. Going over to the tree stump, he scooped up the German's rifle and slung it to his shoulder. He glanced at his watch. It wasn't quite 7:30. Without a word, they left the clearing.

Reaching the edge of the woods, Boyce peered out. "All right, Armand," he told the man alongside, "get the stuff. Meet me on top."



After blowing up tunnel near Paris, members of the Maquis regroup for briefing and medical aid in country hideout.

The man hurried across the road. Boyce nudged the girl's arm, and they started back to the bridge. When they reached the flight of iron stairs, the girl started to go up but Boyce stopped her.

"Nothing for you to do up there," he said. "Besides, you've done more than your share already."

She waited below, watching him mount the stairs. As he stepped into view, the sentry on the far side called out to him. Dressed in the dead German's tunic and helmet, Boyce knew that identification at this distance was impossible. With a breezy gesture he waved back. Satisfied, the sentry on the far side re-entered his small shack.

Armand arrived soon afterwards with a heavy canvas pack. Unbuckling the straps, he removed the tight clusters of dynamite, the specially designed fuses, the thick coil of baling wire. Then he crawled out on the track and went to work. Within ten minutes the first cluster was in place. Then, just as he began work on the second, the heavy bootstep brought his head up fast.

Boyce heard it too. The sentry had stepped out of his shack and was strolling in their direction. Armand turned to Boyce.

"Don't stop," Boyce said. He was on the footpath, as he went to meet the oncoming German.

Boyce was grateful for the darkness. He had worked the chin strap loose so that the helmet was well forward on his head, its shadow concealing the upper portion of his (Continued on page 66)



Acting on Major Boyce's radio message, England-based B-17s made shambles of Beauvais yards.

SAVAGE LIFE AND DEATH OF



ALBERT ANASTASIA -MOBSTER!

The Assassin crawled out of Brooklyn's gutters on a ladder of murder victims, then built an empire selling protection, booze and girls. When he hit the top, there was only one place left to go—and a pair of gunmen blasted him there.

by **Frank Mullady**
former N.Y.C. Detective
with **Wm. H. Kofoed**

The first time I saw Albert Anastasia was in the King's County district attorney's office. He was being questioned in regard to murder on the Brooklyn waterfront. Well-dressed in a custom-tailored suit, made-to-measure shirt and appropriate accessories, he looked more like a Wall Street customer's man than the gaudy gangster the newspaper boys had pictured him.

He saw me looking at him and stared right back. He was like that. He could look you in the eye and hold it without blinking as long as you could.



He was about five foot, ten inches in height and slightly on the bulky side, weighing perhaps 175 pounds. He had wavy dark-brown hair, brown eyes and a very ruddy complexion.

As I studied him, I saw that he was anything but the unobtrusive person he appeared to be at first sight. There was something about his eyes and lips and demeanor that made you feel you wouldn't want to be shut up alone with him in a dark room.

Anastasia turned away from me and said to his interrogator, "If you ain't got no witnesses, you ain't got no case." He was right, of course, and it was a credo he lived by as he went on to become the greatest witness-eliminator in history.

I recall specifically an incident which occurred

when a local plasterer's union struck against a group of Brooklyn contractors. Anastasia provided goons as strikebreakers, and in a brawl they fractured the skull of Joseph Gonzo, a union delegate. Antonio Siciliano and Cesare Lattoro, business agents for the union, were present when Gonzo was beaten with a baseball bat, and in the investigation which followed they co-operated with the authorities.

Siciliano and Lattoro lived together at 1977 Bergen Street, Brooklyn. Fearing for their safety, they requested and received gun permits, and they were careful not to admit anyone they didn't recognize.

"Come and see me and (Continued on page 71)

Rubbed out by hoods in a swank barber shop, Anastasia's violent death matched many he had ordered over 37 years.





THE HOSTAGE-GIRL PRISON SHIP OF HELL-RAISER CHARLIE GIBBS

Naval hero gone berserk, he murdered 500 men, kidnapped an equal number of women,

Charlie's men transferred women from HMS *Indispensible* to the *Maria* while furious Britishers were held at bay.

Art by Walter Popp



by Walter Clint

Frantically, the girl pushed against the chest of the man with the knife. "Don't kill me," she pleaded.

The second man grabbed her long black hair, yanked her head back. Then the knife slashed at her clothes, cutting the bindings so that the dress fell to the deck. "Please," she sobbed again, "don't kill me."

"Let her be!" The voice was harsh, abrupt. As the hands

dropped away, she looked up at the man who'd spoken. He was young, rough-looking, carrying a pistol and wearing the uniform of an American naval officer. His blue eyes were hard.

"*Por Dios*, save me!" she begged.

He laughed. "*Por Dios*? There's no *Dios* here." His hand waved at the corpses on the deck of the *Onrust*, at the

PLEASE TURN PAGE

and would have gotten away scot-free except for a fiery Latin beauty he couldn't forget.

HOSTAGE-GIRL PRISON SHIP

mustard-colored, muddy water of the Gulf of Mexico.

The other two men laughed and made crude suggestions. "Please," she said. "I'll do anything you say."

He reached down, pulled her to her feet, and stared into her frightened eyes. "You want to make a deal with Charlie Gibbs?" His eyes flickered over her body, and he smiled. "All right. I'll let you live."

There was an angry mutter from the other two.

"I'll give up my cut of the cash," snapped Gibbs. "A fair exchange?"

The two men stood undecided, their gazes hostile. Then the big one, holding the knife, dropped his eyes. "All right. We take the money, you get the girl. But remember the rule: no witnesses."

"I'll remember the rules," said Gibbs. "Come on." He pulled the girl roughly by the arm to the gangway, where a boat waited to take them to his ship.

Charlie Gibbs did not quite know why he spared Carla Davila. He was later to say that it was the only kind deed he had ever done, and to add, morosely, that it was the one act that he ever really regretted. For it was Carla who led him to the gallows.

In his final confession, Gibbs said that his worst crime had been being born. Most people agreed with him. In that amazing confession he boasted of more than 500 murders. Yet, although he was one of the most savage monsters ever to shock the American public, there was another side to Charlie Gibbs. He had once been an American war hero.

Charlie had grown up on a prosperous New England farm. His father, a God-fearing man,

had sent him to the finest academy in Rhode Island, hoping to make a gentleman of the sullen, black-browed boy. But Charlie had been rebellious, and the academy was forced to send him home in disgrace. His father whipped him, threatened him with hellfire and damnation, and put him to work on the farm. Charlie was still rebellious. At the age of 15, after an ugly incident involving a neighbor's daughter, the boy ran away from home.

In 1808, in Boston, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy on the sloop-of-war *Hornet*. His commander was big, muscular Captain James Lawrence, one of the few men Charlie ever admired in his life. Under Lawrence's influence, he seems to have stayed out of trouble.

In 1812 war came with Great Britain, and off the coast of Brazil the tiny *Hornet* met the Royal Navy's *Peacock* in one of the most dramatic sea battles ever fought.

For hours, the two ships exchanged merciless broadsides. While shot screamed through the rigging and black smoke rolled over the deck, Gibbs manned his cannon bravely, ignoring the roar of guns and screams of the wounded, yelling his curses at the *Peacock* as the *Hornet's* shot struck home. And whenever other gunners panicked, Charlie grabbed them by the shoulders, holding them at their stations by the sheer power of his rage.

Not until the *Peacock* went down, and the survivors of her crew limped aboard the *Hornet* bearing in their arms the body of their beloved commander, did Charlie contentedly go below to sleep.

After the battle, Captain Lawrence was transferred to the *Chesapeake*. Gibbs worshipped the red-headed officer, and was permitted to transfer with him. But the *Chesapeake's* crew was largely untrained. On June 1, 1813, off Boston Light, they fell in with the crack British warship *Shannon*, blockading the harbor. Lawrence, realizing that his inexperienced crew would be out-manuevered in a lengthy battle, decided on a desperate gamble—rush directly at the *Shannon*, ram her, and board. His crew of husky farm boys weren't seasoned sailors, but they'd be more than a match for the British in hand-to-hand combat.

The *Chesapeake* tacked and bore down on the British ship. The *Shannon's* well-trained gunners opened fire.

Charlie was at his gun when the first massive broadside hit the *Chesapeake*, sending shot and splinters about his head. The second and third volleys tore into the rigging, the deck, and the massed bodies of Lawrence's farm boys. As screams rose above the explosions, the British began to cheer. Now the blazing *Chesapeake*, its rigging shot away, began to wallow helplessly, and Lawrence knew he'd lost his gamble.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" he cried.

A grinding crash threw Charlie to his knees as the two ships collided. Grabbing a cutlass, he ran to stand by Lawrence. The grappling hooks clamped to *Chesapeake's* side and the British yelled in triumph as their first wave jumped on deck. The Americans put up stubborn resistance, but the result was inevitable.



Gibbs fired every one of the fort's cannon with his cigar as his cutthroats retreated before the oncoming Marines.

Charlie was like a cornered beast—cutting, stabbing, slashing wildly at the boarders, an incoherent roar coming from his throat. Around him the deck became slippery with blood.

Captain Lawrence suddenly sagged to his knees, coughing red. Charlie grabbed him and shouted; other hands helped him to carry the officer below. It was then that Lawrence, shot in the lung, spoke the famous words that became the motto of the U.S. Navy. Looking up at the torn ensign that still fluttered from the mast, he pleaded: "Don't give up the ship!"

Gibbs rested his hand briefly on his commander's shoulder, then raced to the deck, a pistol and saber in his hands. He killed five more of the enemy before a blow from a pike dropped him to the deck. When he came to, he was a prisoner on the *Shannon*, the *Chesapeake* had sunk, and Captain Lawrence was dead. Charlie felt as though a part of himself had died, and from that day he hated the world.

In a rat-infested prison ship, and then in England's notorious Dartmoor Prison, Gibbs decided Captain Lawrence had been a fool. "Don't give up the ship," he sneered at his prison-mates. "Hell of a lot of good the ship's doing him now. If I risk my neck, it's going to be for me. That's my country, me!" he'd yell, pounding his chest. "From now on I declare my own wars." His ship-mates would keep still; it was easy enough to agree with Charlie in that filthy pit called Dartmoor.

After the war, Gibbs returned to his delighted parents, but not to stay on the farm. He wheedled \$1,000 from his father to go into the "grocery business" in Boston. Actually, he bought a license and opened a liquor store in the red light district of the port. The girls wanted the liquor, but he liked what they were selling, too, and seldom asked them for cash. Within months he was bankrupt. He sold out for \$100 and took a ship for Argentina.

In Buenos Aires he found a place for his talents. Latin America was rebelling against Spain, and the Colombian privateer *Maria*, commanded by an Englishman, Captain Bell, was leaving for a cruise to prey on Spanish commerce. "It's legalized murder," he told his drinking buddies. "A scrap of paper and you're a privateer." He signed on the crew.

On the successful voyage Gibbs distinguished himself by taking care of his own skin. Finally, after they had looted and sunk an especially rich prize in the Gulf of Mexico, Bell ordered them to put in at New Orleans for repairs. But, wise in the ways of seamen, he refused to pay them their share of the prize money in advance, knowing they'd jump ship if he did.

Charlie incited the men to mutiny. "He'll cheat us, that's what. He'll pay us in glory and keep the gold. Well, it ain't enough for Charlie Gibbs. I want what's mine."

Most of the men growled their approval. "But that's piracy," objected Watts, a tall Britisher who was popular with the men.

"Piracy?" Charlie laughed. "The whole thieving world is run by pirates." Watts was voted down.



Swamped by a tremendous wave, the jolly boat overturned, and one by one the sailors were sucked under.

That night Gibbs led the men below, where they quickly imprisoned the officers in the hold. Charlie was for dumping them over the side "clean and tidy like." But the men weren't ready for cold-blooded murder. Instead, they deposited their prisoners on a deserted beach near Pensacola, Florida, and voted to continue as privateers under the Colombian flag. They elected Watts captain.

Although a dozen vessels were sighted in the next few weeks, only four were Spanish. These carried merchandise, but little cash. The buccaneers destroyed the vessels and put the crews ashore. Charlie was disgusted.

Then one day a large three-master appeared. The *Maria* gave chase. They fired one shot and the other vessel hove to, bobbing slowly on the wind-whipped sea. Charlie stood on the pitching deck, his glass fixed on the ship.

"A Britisher," he declared. "The *Indispensible*. Unarmed, too. Probably carrying a heap of lovely pounds sterling." He turned his eyes on the others and drew his cutlass. "The hell with the sea lawyers. I say let's take her." A few of the sailors cheered.

"No!" Watts strode up angrily and faced Charlie, pistol in hand. "We're not pirates. I'm an Englishman, and I'll be damned if I'll take an English ship."

"A war hero," Gibbs said derisively. He looked at the faces of the other men, trying to gauge their sentiments. Then he shrugged. "I'm a peaceable man. Let's put it to a vote."

Watts smiled confidently. "A vote it is." He lowered his pistol and turned to the men. Without warning, Charlie's arm swung from his shoulder, his body following its swing. His cutlass thudded like a cleaver into Watts's neck. He swung again, chopping Watts to the (Continued on page 76)



While the cameras of ghoulish bystanders snapped away, the condemned man posed as if he were starring in a movie

WITNESS FOR

His trial was a mockery of justice, and mercy was a foreign word to his judge.



The solemn ritual exploded as a bullet snuffed out the life of a Chinese derelict who never had a chance to live.

THE EXECUTION

Yet, when they led Lee Wong to be butchered, he was smiling from ear to ear.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

WITNESS FOR THE EXECUTION

by David Jacobson

As I turned right down the narrow, cobblestone, one-way alley, a tall, slender Chinese emerged from the shabby, two-story whore house the boys called Number 8. When he saw me he broke stride, and I knew the package he was toting contained something he didn't want me to see.

An MP for several months, I'd quickly learned to take nothing for granted in human reaction and behavior. Loosening the flap over my .45, I wrapped my fingers around the butt.

He kept coming. There was no other way out, unless he tried to scale the seven-foot bamboo fence to his right (it encircled the 31st Infantry motor pool) and at that close range he'd be a dead duck.

When he drew abreast of me I stopped him. He made no protest, merely stared at me as if completely bewildered and surprised by it all.

"What have you got there?" I demanded.

The blank look remained.

"Open it," I said.

He did. The package contained a new GI shirt.

"Where'd you get it?" The blank look remained but

he answered in Chinese. I couldn't understand his words.

"*Noon sing sa?*" (What is your name?) I asked in my poor Shanghai dialect. If he understood, he kept it top secret.

There had been an epidemic of GI clothing disappearing of late—blankets, shoes, shirts, even skivvies—and the provost marshal had warned us to be on the lookout for Chinese making deals with irresponsible soldiers whose prime motive for living was booze and broads.

The provost, 1st Lieutenant Welborn Griffith, a giant of a man, looked up from his desk when I ushered the meek-looking Chinese into his office.

"What have we here, Jake?" he said.

"He was coming out of Number 8, sir," I said, laying the bundle on his desk and opening it.

He eyed the shirt a moment, then said, "What does he have to say?"

"Beats me, Lieutenant," I said. "He must be one of those refugees from the north." The Yangtze Campaign was in full swing and Shanghai was a vast refugee camp.

At the lieutenant's suggestion I went out and asked the Chinese traffic cop working the corner of Thibet and Nanking Road, where we were billeted in the New World building, to help out as interpreter. He readily agreed.

The cop fired the lieutenant's questions at the man.

Official photograph shows author kneeling by Lee Wong before the corpse was wedged in a box and carted off.



The 22-year-old suspect said his name was Lee Wong, claimed a soldier had offered him a deal—if he would fix the soldier up with a girl, he would get two shirts as payment. The transaction had been negotiated in sign language.

Wong had contacted the head man of Number 8. A deal was arranged whereby each of them would get one OD shirt. A wool shirt would be easy to dispose of in mid-February, and the money would buy precious rice for many days to come. He was hungry, and that was all that mattered to him.

The truthful ring of Wong's story convinced the lieutenant. After a reprimand, he turned Wong loose, minus the shirt. The GI was never apprehended, and the incident was soon forgotten.

One day, about a month later, I ran into Ernest Johnston, a corporal with the Settlement police. I had made his acquaintance some months before while policing various sectors and joints patronized by sailors and soldiers. When he told me he was scheduled to appear as a witness for the prosecution the following day, I said I'd like to go along. I was eager to see a Chinese courtroom in action. Johnston had been stationed in Shanghai in the British service for six years, and spoke the local dialect fluently. He interpreted the proceedings after concluding his testimony in a burglary case.

It was a musty, three-story brick building. Court had been in session about half an hour and in that time three suspects, two Chinese and a Korean, had been tried, convicted and sentenced for offenses ranging from disturbing the peace to theft. When they brought the fourth prisoner before the docket, I felt a strange sensation as I recognized Lee Wong.

Through Johnston I learned that as a young boy, Wong had survived a terrible famine caused by a drought. It was of such epidemic proportions that stealing food became a capital offense punishable by death in some of the northern provinces. Wong's father had been caught stealing food for his family, and had been publicly executed, leaving his widowed mother and six surviving children to fend for themselves. A few years later, when the Japanese juggernaut overran Manchuria, the Wongs then fled to Shanghai. And then the Japs attacked China's largest city, bringing death and destruction to thousands, the civilian casualties exceeding that of the military. Wong resorted to begging, but in a city teeming with beggars he had no success. Once, when he was caught picking up cigarette butts from the sidewalk and gutters, he was pounced upon and beaten by a gang that salvaged cigarette butts, repacked and sold them for one cent a package. In desperation, he kidnapped a small store merchant in the heart of downtown Shanghai, holding him for a ransom of \$5,000 mex. Two days later he was caught.

When Johnston told me Wong must die, I was surprised. "The poor guy didn't have a chance," I said.

The Britisher shrugged his shoulders. "The bloody law must be upheld, you know. You let this sort of thing go, and in no time at all you would have anarchy."

The stony-faced, black-robed Chinese judge had little or no compassion. He imposed the death sentence as lightly as a traffic cop writing up a citation for speeding. Wong was tried and sentenced within an hour. He had no opportunity to appeal for mercy. There was no jury.

Two days later I was in the MP office and we were discussing how nice it would be to be back in the States. When I heard a horn honking, I peered out the window. A bearded and turbaned Sikh sat behind the wheel of a British police wagon that had parked in front of the New World building. Next to him were two British police officers, and I recognized Corporal Johnston in the middle.

I waved at him, indicating for him to wait. I told the provost that the official British car was waiting outside.

He pushed some papers aside and reached for his camera. "Run up to the squadron room and tell McCoy and Hansen to hurry it up, if they still want to go."

Since the execution site was outside the International Settlement, the lieutenant had to get special permission to arrange the trip. Five minutes later we were in a chartered cab, and the Oriental driver tailed Johnston's British Black Maria.

Two sides of the execution site were partially obscured from the gravel road by shrubbery and trees. Off to one side I saw several rows of pine board boxes. They were neatly stacked, and all six feet in length.

There were 35 to 40 persons present, all men. Everybody concerned with the program moved about in a business-like manner. When I asked Johnston what the culprit was about to get his come-uppance for, he looked at me oddly for a moment, then said, "You know the blighter. It's that fellow Wong, who was tried Tuesday."

A flock of butterflies took off inside me. I don't know why, but it hadn't occurred to me that I would see Wong die. Suddenly I wished I hadn't expressed a desire to see an execution.

When I saw a Chinese in a long black garment approach a table set out at the far end of the grounds, my police friend said, "He's the bloody bloke who sentenced Wong. He will re-sentence him before he is shot. A Chinese custom to make doubly sure the right man is executed. Not a bad idea, what?"

I made no comment.

About halfway between the judge and the execution plot, four professional executioners were gathered around a small table. They were engaged in a form of lottery to determine who would be the lucky one that day. For this service, the winner was awarded the huge sum of one dollar mex—about 16 cents at the current exchange.

There were two accepted procedures of execution: the garrote, and shooting. And the nature of the crime determined which was used. They had one thing in common; in either instance, kneeling was mandatory.

The Sikh driver brought Wong out of the paddy wagon to the jurist seated at the table. His crime was re-read, and after Wong acknowledged his guilt, the judge again solemnly sentenced Wong to die. The ceremonies over, a member of the execution team relieved the Sikh of his prisoner, and Wong started his last walk on earth.

The cameras of the curious began clicking. A Britisher with unlimited gall asked Wong to smile . . . and Wong smiled. He was told to stop . . . and he stopped. He was told to kneel . . . and he knelt.

Like a ghoul rising eerily from the nearly potter's graveyard, the lottery winner appeared, a revolver gripped tightly in his hand. When I heard the metallic *click* of the gun being cocked, I held my breath. Wong closed his eyes tightly, waiting for the explosion and the bullet that would speed him into the spirit world of his ancestors.

When the gun roared, I jumped; and as he fell, I saw the hole in his forehead. The Limey who had asked Wong to smile into the lens of his camera got sick and stepped out of line, heaving his guts up.

A Chinese wearing a traditional black skull cap appeared and bent over the corpse. Cupped in his hands he held a small wooden urn. He collected some of Wong's blood, walked over to a wooden pine box, and with a small brush inscribed the name of the deceased in his own blood. Moments later Wong's body was wedged into the box and he was carried off to his final resting place.

That was how Lee Wong died.

END

LAST MINUTE

THE GIs:

Disregard EVERYTHING you've heard so far on BERLIN except this: THIS IS THE CRITICAL MONTH. If the guns are going to blaze at the Brandenburg gate, they'll blaze before New Year's OR NOT AT ALL for some time to come. Source: Direct from Wladyslaw Gomulka, Poland's Communist boss, who gets such matters right about 90 per cent of the time. . . .

KOREA AGAIN: In their "ATTACK OF THE MONTH" scheme, the Reds this time hit a ROK outpost, killed one, then denied any knowledge of the raid. ROKS are browned off. Next time the Red rovers'll get their burp guns shoved DOWN THEIR THROATS. . . .

If you have any rare GI SKILLS from WWII, check in right now with the AF. They are offering fat ranks to guys who can FIX WATCHES, RADIOS AND THE MORE SOPHISTICATED FIRE CONTROL SYSTEMS. . . . No smoking allowed on U.S. space capsules. . . . Navy was first to learn FISH TALK AND MAKE ALL SORTS OF NOISES. How: Acoustic mines began going off whenever a large school of MINNOWS swam by. . . .

If that war does flame up at the Brandenburg gate, the enemy may find our lads using "BABY BAZOOKA" rockets only an inch long, fired from PLASTIC "SODA STRAWS." Range is 700 yards. Clusters can WIPE OUT whole platoons without a sound. Also, "BOOM GAS," which can be wafted over enemy positions, ignited by sparks FROM FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES. Both developed in Indo-China JUNGLE FIGHTING. . . .



And while on the subject, CHEW OUT that guy who whines about the U.S. being the WEAKIE NATION, and chew him good. Then ask him what he thinks has STOPPED KHRUSHCHEV SO FAR. It's a red-hot 62-page Pentagon report that we've got ALL THE NUCLEAR HARDWARE HE HAS AND ARE WILLING TO USE IT if forced to, that's what. . . .

Anti-Castro training stations due to

sprout in FLORIDA again this SPRING. Another shot at FORTRESS CUBA is almost inevitable, but this time by and for Cubans only. No American CIA allowed. . . . And when it comes, get the first-hand story as it's happening by tuning your SHORT WAVE to: 47 meters for anti-Castro UNDERGROUND radio, 7.2 megacycles for CUBAN GOVERNMENT military transmissions, 6.25 mc for the anti-Castro VOICE OF SWAN ISLAND, and 650 kc for HAVANA RADIO, official government soundtrack. . . .

COPS AND ROBBERS:

America's top-list crimes are still RAPE, MURDER AND ASSAULT for the fifth year in a row. . . . No one's ever figured why, but WOMEN CONVICTED OF HOMICIDE almost always insist on a NEW HAIRDO before going BEHIND PRISON WALLS. . . . Easiest crooked



money in the U.S. today is the COUNTERFEIT RECORD GAME. Fake 'em for pennies, dump 'em on the market at below wholesale, and still SPIN A BUCK A RECORD FOR YOURSELF. A good printer and sound man can turn out an album of Sinatra even Sinatra couldn't detect. . . . You can hire a PINKERTON COP for \$5/hr. . . .

PATTERNS: Mothers who KILL THEIR CHILDREN are always INSANE. Fathers are often simply MOMENTARILY ANNOYED. . . . Cops and judges everywhere MAD AS HELL and would tell the Supreme Court about it any day. The gripe: The Nine Old Men's ruling last spring that MATERIAL SEIZED IN ILLEGAL SEARCH AND SEIZURE MAY NOT BE USED AS EVIDENCE. Criminal mouthpieces are lining up three deep outside prisons with writs for release of HOODS CONVICTED ON SUCH EVIDENCE, and unless the court someday reverses itself, it's going to be almost IMPOSSIBLE to get any of them back in

MEMO FOR MEN

again. . . . TRAINED PUSSYCATS are still used to bag OPIUM SMOKERS. Kitty can follow a vapor trail for blocks. . . . If you like comic strips about KIDS, you're probably a SAFE DRIVER. . . .

The SF fuzz are forming a bagpipe band. . . . The sheriff at Connecticut's New Haven State Jail wants a SWIMMING POOL installed to help REHABILITATE his boys, and to stop them from DRINKING in their cells. . . .

THE WOMEN:

THE RED BALL EXPRESS GIRLS, the West Coast's most famous B-GIRL trio, boast that in five years they've NETTED ALMOST 500 Gs without EVER having to come across once. When they tell their clients the DEPRAVED, WICKED THINGS they're going to do to them, clients usually pack up and leave. ONE OLD DUFF supposedly had a heart attack just LISTENING TO THEM. . . .

OVERSEAS BULLETIN: War between the Italian pros and free-lance FACTORY GIRLS hustling a few lira on lunch hour. The pros handle it with "ragazza justice." Example: If the girl TIGHTENS NUTS on the assembly line, they BUST HER HAND with a wrench. . . .



FORMOSA call girls, tired of being called CRUDE NAMES, are demanding legal recognition as WAITRESSES. If they don't get it, THEY'LL STRIKE. . . . FRENCH GIRLS, charmers that they are, still make LOUSY SHILLS in gambling houses. . . . NORWEGIAN GUYS flip their glug over LADY MINISTERS. . . . Those wild ENGLISH PRIVATE SCHOOL GIRLS consider themselves sexual flops if they haven't won their GOLLIWOG by age 16. The GW is a YELLOW RAG DOLL, worn on the chest, indicating the wearer's no longer a VIRGIN. Schoolmarms having fits, but the people who make golliwogs are happy. . . .

A short-tempered Memphis lady divorced her husband just because he spent \$900 on

CABLEGRAMS TO CASTRO AND KHRUSHCHEV. . . . Navy officer wives with husbands on Mediterranean duty dubbed "BRASS COMMUTERS" because they follow the fleet from port to port in FAST SPORTS CARS to be with their men for a few hours. . . .

THE RUGGED MALE:

You're right if you think your clothes are beginning to look SWISHIER AND SWISHIER. Those Paris designers of ladies' wear have secretly been having a ball with MEN'S CLOTHING for several years now, hoping eventually to DRESS US ALL LIKE SISSIES. . . .



You don't know anything about heavy slugs till you've fired a WINCHESTER .458. The kick may bruise your collarbone, but one shot's punchy enough to BRING DOWN TWO ELEPHANTS, as one did last January in the Sudan. . . . Smallmouth bass are good almost everywhere in the U.S., but they're best at NOLIN RIVER, KY. . . . Maybe you've had luck LURING FOXES with the sounds made by KISSING THE BACK OF YOUR HAND, but the fox-men of the Carolinas say you'll do much better with a five-cent RUBBER "RASPBERRY" noisemaker that emits obscene sounds. . . . The Yukon Taxidermy Studio at Whitehorse, Yukon, will do a first-class stuffing job on your BEAR HEAD for only \$48. . . .

Cruellest BIRD DOG TRAINING IDEA to come up the kennel path in years is an ELECTRIC DOG COLLAR. You punish the pooch with a violent shock by RADIO CONTROL every time he goofs. . . . There's a two-one chance those RAW CLAMS you glutted last summer gave you HEPATITIS. A frightening number of East Coast Little Necks and Cherrystones WERE SICK AS HELL. . . .

Nudists don't wear ID badges at conventions. . . .

BITTER IRONY: Most football DEATHS are caused by the thing that's supposed to PREVENT THEM: the helmet. In rough scrimmage, the hard BACK RIM is constantly

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TRUE
BOOK
BONUS





The Spitfire mowed down several of the attacking Nazis, but heavy fire drove it off and Tuck was captured.

Art by Ray De Soto

NAZI-RUSSIAN ESCAPE NIGHTMARE OF THE ALLIES' 29-KILL ACE

**Knocked down by ack-ack after
ripping the Luftwaffe to bits,
"Lucky" Bob Tuck broke out of
Germany's slaughterhouse pris-
ons—only to be forced to fight
as a front-line Russian soldier.
by Larry Forrester**

Winging eastward, a hundred and fifty feet above the mist-veiled face of Kent, the long-nosed Spitfires were like ghostly sharks hunting by twilight. Under each tiny perspex dome the pilot's hands moved with custom-learned speed and lightness, checking various control settings in readiness for the coming action.

The gun-button on the control column was set to fire. In dark, well-greased cells deep within the wings, hundreds of 20-millimeter cannon shells and .303 machine gun bullets lay sleeping; one touch on the button with the ball of the thumb, and in an instant they would awaken with a shuddering roar, hurtling ahead as almost solid streams of metal. And today these two fighters had been specially armed for their inflammable target: every second shell was an incendiary, and the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ESCAPE NIGHTMARE

bullets combined the qualities of tracer and explosive with a solid armor-piercing core.

Thus did two of Britain's air warriors go forth on a winter's day, at a time when the scales of fortune were beginning to tip in England's favor after the long, hard siege. The Supermarine Spitfire fighter, designed by that audacious innovator R. J. Mitchell, and employed so skilfully and decisively in defending Britain against the great Luftwaffe swarms of 1940-41, now had become a useful offensive weapon. And the most aggressive, tireless pilots who flew on the cross-Channel sweeps were those few survivors of the Battle of Britain who remained operational. Men like Bob Tuck.

At 25, he was both myth and mystery. He held the Distinguished Service Order, was the second officer in the Royal Air Force's history to gain a second bar to the Distinguished Flying Cross, and had more air victories than any other British pilot. (Air Ministry's official credit was 29 enemy aircraft destroyed; Tuck's private tally was 35. In both respects he was at this time just ahead of his close friend, the fabulous South African, A. G. "Sailor" Malan.)

Legend described Tuck variously. In one version he would be gay, reckless in young power—a boyish grin behind the gunsight. Another would portray him as a flying fanatic, stern as a caliph and psychopathically blood-thirsty. In fact, he fitted neither of those descriptions, but a little of each.

A long, straight, dead-white scar slanting down his right cheek—legacy of a pre-war accident—seemed only to emphasize his dramatic handsomeness. A fraction under six feet tall, Tuck is whip thin, whip strong, dark and graceful and elegant as a matador.

Now, on this routine operation, the Canadian Harley, like so many other young pilots before him, was boyishly thrilled to fly under the radio call-sign "Bobbie Two." Though the air was bumpy beneath the rainclouds he snuggled in fairly close beside his leader and, ceaselessly making rapid, delicate corrections with stick, rudder and throttle, managed to fly in neat and very steady formation.

They streaked over the *(Continued on page 39)*



EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert Tuck, holder of the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. with two bars, is officially credited with 29 kills in air combat. How many of his "probables" went down will never be known. A natural leader whose courage, incredible luck and brilliant flying ability fittingly earned him recognition as England's greatest fighter

pilot, Tuck became a world-wide hero when his POW escapes were made public. Undoubtedly, one of his proudest and most thrilling experiences—aside from flying and marrying the beautiful Joyce—was being decorated by King George (left). Now living quietly in Kent with his wife and two boys, the R.A.F.'s ace Nazi-killer still looks ready to gun his Spitfire and blaze a trail of glory in the sky.



Sudden scrambles at all hours were SOP to Tuck's men as they met the Luftwaffe's round-the-clock assault.



Singling out the lead bomber, Tuck wheeled his Spit under the Nazi's belly, then zoomed up, guns ablaze.



Russian peasant women, enslaved by the Germans, worked close by the barn where Tuck and Zbishek hid.



Nazi A.A. batteries poured tons of lead at Tuck and his wing man. Caught in the crossfire, Tuck's plane went down.

Greatly outnumbered in their lone battle to defend Britain, many of Tuck's squadron died a fiery death on home soil.



ISLAND SOCIAL STAFF

There's a small hotel on an island off the coast of Denmark that is booked solid for the next six months. The owners are the first to admit that the SRO sign is entirely due to Evy Embden—the only one-woman activities director in the world.





THE DAY THEY

"I'll blood you virgins!" Millett promised his rookies. And on February 6, 1951, when Com-mie corpses covered Hill 180, he had a killer unit—and a Medal of Honor for "the bravest attack by U.S. soldiers since the Civil War."

◀ **Using grenades, his "pig-sticker," and steel courage, "Cap'n Easy" showed his men how to make the Reds run.**



PASSED OUT BAYONETS TO CO. E

by James Collier

Red guns suddenly blasted down from the hills surrounding the muddy road south from Injim. Lew Millett tumbled from the top of the tank and skidded to his knees on the ice-covered roadside. "Dismount!" he roared. "Fix your bayonets! Hustle, you rockheads, hustle! We're moving out!"

From his position in the muddy snow behind a tank, Millett could see that E Company was in a mess. "Sergeant Cockrell," he called.

Duck-waddling behind the line of tanks halted on the

road, Cockrell made for his C. O. Millett glanced around and assessed his position, from the row of hills lining the road, to the east, where the Reds poured a violent hail of machine-gun and small-arms fire onto the road where Easy Company were caught unprotected.

When Sgt. Floyd Cockrell was crouched beside him, Millett said easily, "Raising hell up there, ain't they?"

Cockrell didn't feel like grinning but he forced it. "They got us pinned pretty good." He wiped the sweat from his forehead. "No chance of running." (*Continued on page 62*)

Charging boldly into an avalanche of grenades and withering rifle fire, E Company overran the Reds' hilltop position.



As fire swept Kittie's room, the half-naked revelers madly tried to escape it through the only door.
Art by Charles Copeland

by Alex Austin

Shadows cast on the black walls by the six candles on the altar writhed in a dance that was half sensual agony and half damned delight. The eight men and eight women—half naked, beaded all over with sweat, their eyes dazed, their mouths twisted into grotesque smiles—swayed back and forth to the slow beat of two drummers. A tall Senegalese pounded with a bone on a deerskin stretched taut over a wine barrel; the second drummer, a wizened old man with yellow whiskers, pounded a long Haitian gourd filled with pebbles, and the sound he made was like the rattling of a snake.

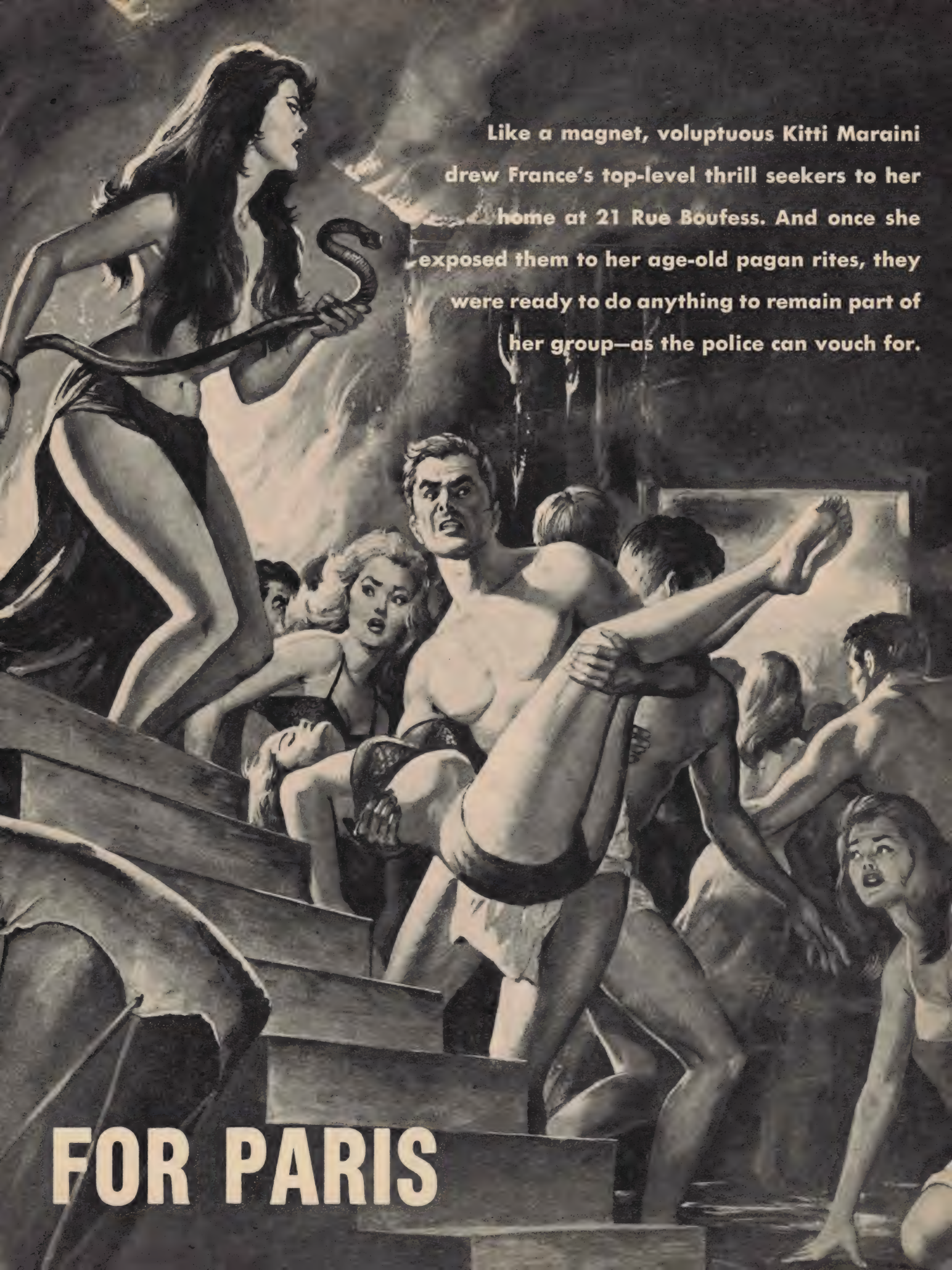
In the center of the tight circle stood a tall, honey-skinned woman of 26. She wore only a red silk kerchief around her loins; her long black hair partially covered her breasts. Her head hung back on soft, rounded shoulders as if her neck had been broken. Her eyes were shut and from her gleaming lips came a steady, low moaning. She kept time to the rhythm of the drums by tapping the tips of her fingers lightly against her sweating thighs.

She did not move for more than fifteen minutes. The drums continued to throb like the accompaniment to a nightmare. The swaying men and women surrounding her picked up and repeated bits of the moaning sounds she made. One petite red-head sank to her knees, her forehead touching the floor, and began sobbing (*Continued on page 54*)

THE WILD BARONESS WHO WAS TOO

SHOCKING





Like a magnet, voluptuous Kitti Maraini drew France's top-level thrill seekers to her home at 21 Rue Boufess. And once she exposed them to her age-old pagan rites, they were ready to do anything to remain part of her group—as the police can vouch for.

FOR PARIS

LAST MINUTE MEMO FOR MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

DRIVEN INTO THE BASE OF THE NECK, gradually crushing spine and vertebrae. . . .

WHAT'S NEW:

Battery-operated POCKET TRANSMITTER that signals the Mrs. as soon as you get within ten miles of home. Gives her a chance to start chow, GET RID OF ANY COMPANY. . . . A DOG PILL that kills fleas. . . . CLEANING SOLVENT in which you can dunk whole TVs, vacuums. . . . Portable SMOKE HOUSE that does ten pounds of meat or fish the gourmet way. . . . ELECTRIC LIGHT SWITCHES that turn on and off BY THEMSELVES. . . . JET MOTORS for outboards. . . .

Things to come: WHEELBARROWS that float on air cushions; 500-pound capacity. . . .



SKIS BUILT FOR TWO. . . . COLOR FILM for Polaroid cameras. . . . Instant foods in plastic pouches with built-in CHEMICAL HEATERS. . . . Foamy PEOPLE PILLS that brush your teeth while you work. . . .

THE BANK ACCOUNT:

Memo to lighten your worries: NOT A CHANCE OF ANOTHER DEPRESSION on the basis of one simple fact: Americans have gobbled up more of the world's resources in the last 40 years than EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD USED IN 4,000 YEARS OF RECORDED HISTORY UP TO 1914, and we're going to need still greater gulps. There may not be jobs for every man all the time, but almost. . . .

Think about it a little, and it'll be clear that CHRISTMAS CLUBS ARE NO GOOD, really. They pay NO INTEREST. . . . The U.S. Mint IS NOT stuck with 500,000,000 ounces of RADIOACTIVE-CONTAMINATED SILVER it once loaned to an A-bomb project, so quit worrying that you've got to pay for it. . . . If you speak something besides ENGLISH and aren't AFRAID OF HEIGHT, there might be a job for you as guide at the Empire State Building. . . .

You're goofing, goofing, goofing on almost GUARANTEED INCOME if you don't scribble a few lines to EVERY 25-WORDS-OR-LESS contest in sight. Most such competitions don't even draw enough entrants to GIVE ALL THE PRIZES TO, yet U.S. companies throw away \$4,000,000/yr. this way. . . . The FREE-NO-OBLIGATION drawings are a fine bet, too. Hardly anybody fills out the blanks to enter these. One NYC department store had to give the FREE TRIP TO EUROPE to the first entrant because SHE WAS THE ONLY ENTRANT. . . .

Frank C. Russell, Chestertown, Md., will pay for ANY WINDOW BROKEN BY KIDS IN A SANDLOT GAME. . . . The unions don't want this one bruited about, but they LEGALLY HAVE TO PAY YOU DAMAGES if your boss cans you for ACTS OF INSUBORDINATION ordered by the union. Example: International Union of Operating Engineers recently had to shell out \$1,200,000 to 28 Texas petroleum refinery boys. . . .

THE FAMILY BUGGY:

Don't HESITATE for a minute to buy one of the new V-6s. Unorthodox as water in the gas tank, but they DELIVER ALL THE GOOD THINGS the old V-8 does, and NONE OF THE BAD. . . . The old argument about SPEED being the great killer seems PRETTY LEAKY; National Safety Council says 9 OUT OF 10 accidents happen BELOW 40 MPH. . . . and 35 states now give tickets for GOING TOO SLOW. . . .



Keep heavy things off the rear shelf; a SHORT STOP at 45 mph, say, is enough to send a LIGHT WRENCH forward to BREAK YOUR SKULL. . . . If you're one of the clever ones who SAVES DOUGH CHANGING HIS OWN OIL, pick up one of the new portable CRANKCASE PUMPS that chuck into electric drills. Great. . . . The English are playing with "BLIND DRIVING" instruments; in fog and blizzards, you WON'T HAVE TO SLOW DOWN. . . .



Nazi-Russian Nightmare

Continued from page 30

familiar pointer of Dungeness dead on track, and immediately went down to twenty feet over the sea so that they wouldn't be picked up by enemy radar scanners. Visibility was decreasing, so they eased a little farther apart and concentrated on staying out of the water: in these conditions it was tragically easy to misjudge height and fly smack into a heaving wave.

THE Channel was rough. A stiff wind was whipping spray off the tops of the breakers like snow off mountain peaks, and in the troughs broad, white veins stood out in anger. In what seemed a matter of seconds the time-cracked cliffs of France advanced, solidifying and growing out of the gloom. They held their planes down on the water until the last moment, then pulled up sharply, grazing the brink. As they sped on inland a few feet above the patchwork of fields, roads, woods and villages, long golden spears of tracers rose half-heartedly close behind. Their sneak entry had been detected by a coastal battery; at this instant, they knew, the entire defensive system would be jarring awake to the danger.

After a few miles they picked up a main railway line, running due east. They followed this without further incident until Tuck, map-reading from a folded chart on his left knee, spotted their turning-off point. A tight turn to the left across some large, unkempt meadows brought them towards a second railway line with a high embankment. Beyond this lay their target.

According to plan they roared towards the embankment so low that their passing left a fluttering wake in the tall grass. Harley heard a sharp click in his earphones and then that flat, clipped voice: "Okay, Bobbie Two! Come up to line-abreast and stand by to pull up. Over." Swiftly the Canadian flicked his transmission switch and acknowledged, then advanced his throttle and drew level with his leader.

"Pulling up now!" rasped Tuck.

As if the embankment were a slipway, the two Spitfires flew up it and launched themselves steeply at the rumpled canopy of clouds some eight hundred feet above. As they levelled off close under the greyness a number of 20-millimeter guns opened up from rooftops and sites in the grounds of the factory, only a few hundred yards ahead. This they had expected—A.A. batteries for many miles around were always alerted the moment intruders were spotted crossing the coast. They were not perturbed: a Spit in a dive was a small and exceptionally fast target, particularly difficult to hit in dull or hazy weather.

"Down we go!" Weird, that voice of his. Even at this juncture Harley couldn't help noting that it had no cadence, that each syllable was pitched on the same note. Down went the noses, and their right thumbs took the first, light pressure on the gun-buttons. With amazing slowness the rods of tracer

drifted up to meet them, and then suddenly whisked past—above, below, and on either side. Now they could see the four alcohol vats, clumsily camouflaged and looking like small gasometers, standing well away from the factory's buildings in a large compound. It was all exactly as it had looked in the Intelligence photographs. Except that now the whole scene was sharply tilted, and rushing towards them at nearly 300 miles an hour. . . .

Each picked a vat, and Harley opened fire first, his Spitfire's wings barbed with spikes of blue and orange flame, spewing cartridge and shell cases. Towards the end of his first, long burst he was hitting squarely. Tuck, the more experienced marksman, held his blast until he knew he was well within range. The instant before he pressed the button he dropped his eyes from the gunsight's glowing graticule and, as he had done hundreds of times before, checked his turn-and-bank indicator. The black needle quivered in the dead center, telling him he was not in a skid—therefore his sight reading would be true, and if he had lined-up properly he couldn't miss.

ABOVE the first thunder of his guns he heard Harley's triumphant shout: "There goes mine!" Out of the corner of his eye he saw a black pall rising lazily, then his own vat crumpled like melting wax, issuing woofs of smoke and dark flame. They were doing 320 m.p.h. as they cut through the smoke scant feet above the wreckage. Harley broke off to the right. Tuck went left.

As his nose came round Tuck saw a long, low building with narrow, barred windows passing to the right in front of him, like a railway train. He felt sure it was a barracks. Another quick glance at the turn-and-bank indicator, a minute adjustment in the amount of rudder to correct the ghost of a skid, then he pressed the button again. The long burst swept the length of the building. His fire must have gone in several of the windows for he distinctly saw his shells exploding in the dark interior. Then he was up, into the cloud and out of the claws of the flak.

He relaxed in his seat, set course west and eased his throttle back to give Harley a chance to catch up. After about a minute he came down out of the cloud and almost at once the Canadian called: "Okay, Bobbie One, see you now dead ahead. Closing up."

When they were together, Tuck tried to pick up the main road he'd marked on his chart as their way out. But the weather was worsening quickly now, and they couldn't see the ground for more than a few hundred yards in any direction. It was quite impossible to tell one highway from another, so they simply picked one and followed it westwards.

Suddenly they came upon a heavy military lorry, squirted at it, and sent it rolling into a ditch. They had plenty of ammo left, so when they saw a tall, steel pylon looming ahead

they swung a few degrees off to the north so that they could follow the line of high tension cables. This could be fun—if you were able to hit the insulators, great multi-colored flashes went searing away for miles across country. But today they were unlucky and all they could accomplish was an occasional shower of sparks.

So engrossed were they in this game that they failed to notice that the line of pylons curved slightly, taking them further and further north. All at once they skimmed some foothills and found themselves flying at not more than two hundred feet across a gradually widening valley, the floor of which was crammed with railway sidings, engines and rolling stock. At the end of the valley they could make out the drab mass of a large town, and beyond that the black tracery of derricks and masts silhouetted against the sea. Tuck knew it could only be Boulogne—they were five or six miles to the north of the track he had planned for the homeward flight.

The area was notorious for its heavy A.A. defense. His first instinct was to make a quick turn of 180 degrees, strike back inland and then find his way back to base over a quieter section of the coast. But even as he began to apply turning pressure on the stick and rudder he saw ahead of him a large, modern engine. It was stationary: irresistible.

What followed is best described in his own words:

"I thought 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' and called Harley up into line-abreast. We dived on that engine together. I think we both scored hits, and the whole issue disappeared in a tremendous cloud of steam.

"As we went through the steam, just for a moment I lost sight of Harley, so I made a quick turn to get out of his way. As I came into the clear again at about seventy or eighty feet, I think everything in the Boulogne area opened up on me.

"I saw right away that Jerry had his guns at the foot of the hills on either side of me, and they were shooting more or less horizontally across the valley. I was caught in their cross-fire, and at this low altitude with a forty-five degree bank on, they just couldn't miss.

"SEVERAL shots smacked into the belly. One shell came right up through the sump, through the cooling system, and everything stopped dead. She started to belch black smoke, glycol and all sorts of filth. The windscreen was covered in oil, so I had to slam back the canopy and stick my head outside."

"I still had quite a bit of speed on—about 250—so I could stay in the air for perhaps a minute. But I knew if I tried to pull up to bail out, they'd blast me clean out of the sky. My only chance was to stay very close to the deck, and try to find a space to put her down in. I turned up the valley and kept weaving her from side to side, but I couldn't see the smallest patch of open ground.

"When they kept on pouring shells at me, I had a terrific temptation to climb her before the speed fell too low, but I knew the moment I got on to the skyline they'd have me like a box of birds.

"At this point I happened to glance over my shoulder, and there was Harley following, right on my tail. It looked as if he was going to get the daylight shot out of him, too. I called him up and said: 'Get out, quick!

I've had it.' But when I looked again, several seconds later, the clot was still there."

At twenty feet he faced the facts, braced his lean body and told himself: "This time I'm really done for." Taut and clammy, he sat back, watching the tracer coming at him, waiting. And then, incongruously, he thought—"Dammit, I won't be able to phone Joyce tonight!"

Joyce was the girl he was determined to marry. Joyce was serene, cool and English. She spoke softly, smelled sweet, and moved like a melody.

Seconds left now. His airspeed indicator was unwinding towards the tiny red line on the dial which marked the speed at which the machine would cease to fly, would stall and dash itself to pieces on the hard, pitiless face of the planet. Numbness oozed into his bones, his limbs seemed packed in ice. He had long since accustomed himself to the idea of violent death, given up all hope of surviving this war. "Well—here it comes, any second now. . . ." His brain froze on these words, repeating them over and over again, like a gramophone with the needle stuck.

And then suddenly, miraculously, a narrow sward of deepest green loomed ahead on the right. A field! A long, lovely French field! He swung the plane around; unexpectedly the ground fell away for about a hundred feet and he dived towards the greenness, building up precious speed again.

But the sudden, gleeful dive had given him a bigger increase in speed than he'd bargained for. Nearly 140 on the clock—55 m.p.h. above the normal landing speed. He was going to put her down all the same!

And then something flashed close over his head—something that made a sinister, whooshing sound. He lifted his eyes from the grass and dead ahead, at the far end of the field, saw a multiple 20-millimeter mounted on the back of a lorry. The muzzles were fully depressed and spitting flame. He was coming down slap in the middle of one of the A.A. batteries, and the swine were still shooting at him—at almost point blank range!

FURY hammered at his temples. They could see he had no engine power—why didn't they leave him alone, give him this last chance to save his life? He shoved the stick forward, lined up his sight—and by sheer force of habit checked the turn-and-bank indicator. Then he fired his last, short burst.

The whooshing sound stopped. He was still doing 120 but he was running out of field, so immediately he took a deep breath, put the stick forward and set her down. The first heavy impact jerked him against his safety straps and his brow struck the gunsight.

When his senses returned, the Spit had come to rest on a slight rise. His nose was bleeding and his right eye was rapidly closing. He struggled out of his harness and clambered on to the wing. A few yards away the gun-lorry lay shattered and smoking, the mangled bodies of its crew strewn around it. His shooting, as usual, had been deadly accurate.

From both sides of the field, grey figures were running towards him. There was no hope of avoiding them. "The bastards will lynch me now," he thought bitterly. For once he had forgotten to bring a revolver—he usually carried one in the leg of his right flying boot. Fumbling in the cockpit he crumpled his chart, and tried to set it on

fire with his cigarette lighter. But the lighter wouldn't work.

Zonk! He wheeled round as a bullet went through the fuselage close by his elbow. One of the approaching Huns had seen his intention and opened up with an automatic rifle.

The second Spitfire zoomed in and the Germans scattered and fired at it. Harley saw the situation was hopeless, pulled up and headed home.

It was too late to reach into his tunic pocket and throw away the Iron Cross he carried as a sort of charm. It had been given to him over a year before by a Luftwaffe pilot in an English hospital—but, of course, they wouldn't like that. . . .

SLOWLY he raised his hands, leaning back against the fuselage so that the oncoming Germans wouldn't see immediately the row of 29 swastikas stencilled there. And as they grabbed his arms and started to drag him towards the wreckage of the gun-lorry, he thought wearily what a long, hard road he had come, only for this. Thought back to his first kill . . .

The 109s were dropping out of the stratum-cumulus behind and slightly to the left, a long, straggly line of them, diving hard and building up terrific speed before they swept in from just under the tails. Tracer was lashing the Spitfires, chivvying pieces out of them. The leader came snarling clean through the heaving, splitting formation, then climbed hard for the cloud ahead.

Climbing at full power, he couldn't match the high angle of ascent which the Messerschmitt had earned with his earlier dive. He was still a good 2,000 feet under the cloud when the German vanished into its woolly sanctuary.

The cloud was a lot thinner than he'd expected. After only two or three hundred feet of it he broke out into peerless blue. And there was the Hun dead ahead, not more than 2,000 yards distant, racing eastwards for his base, skimming so low over the great slab of milky cloud that he blended with his own

shadow, like a flatfish scuttling over sea-rippled sand.

Tuck realized that his shallower angle of climb had actually brought him closer to his quarry. The German was flying perfectly straight, so apparently he felt quite safe up here. He might even be cruising at normal revs, in which case Tuck could overhaul him by using full "emergency" power.

He pushed the throttle forward hard—breaking through the light seals that guarded the "emergency" slot—and settled the Spitfire as low as possible, cutting through occasional wisps and tors that thrust up from the unbroken cloud; sometimes, in places where the surface was smooth, he flew for seconds on end with only his head and the canopy in the clear.

He hasn't seen me, he hasn't seen me . . . !

THE Messerschmitt made a gentle turn of about ten degrees to the right, a small course correction, and he eased round after it.

Sixteen hundred yards . . . fifteen hundred. . . . The enemy's silhouette continued to expand. He'd been chasing him for over two minutes now, and they must be well inland. He kept glancing in his rear vision mirror, and sweeping the sky all around, but the vast blue vault was empty except for the two of them. He checked his fuel, oil and radiator temperatures, all in one swift, custom-learned sweep of the eyes. All was well, everything was ready; each tiny piece of mechanism was toiling nobly, performing its own intricate function. The Spitfire would not blunder—only he, the human element, could wreck the whole elaborate scheme by a single wrong decision, misjudgment or oversight.

He didn't give a thought to the other human element—the man in the Messerschmitt, the man who was going to die for the cardinal sin of not looking over his shoulder. There was nothing personal about this.

Twelve hundred yards . . . eleven hundred. . . . Now the Messerschmitt's wingspan almost filled the space between the parallel lines of the reflector sight. Another few sec-



onds would bring him up to maximum range. *Nine hundred yards, seven hundred, six hundred. . .* It seemed impossible that he could get this close without being seen—in fact, he was beginning to feel that by now the Hun must *hear* him. But the 109 was still sitting up there, flying unconcernedly down the mild May sunlight.

Five hundred.

A deep breath . . . don't tense up, stay relaxed . . . turn-and-bank needle centered . . . keep the red dot right on his canopy and, gently, gently, *s-q-u-e-e-z-e. . .*

THE eight Vickers '303 burst into life like the crash of a roller-coaster. The Spitfire quivered lightly in his hands. He could see the wicked little blue flashes his bullets made as they struck the 109's wings and canopy. For two . . . three . . . four seconds they hosed into it, and nothing was happening. The German flew on, straight and level, with the little blue flashes all over him like fairy-lights on a Christmas tree. And then the machine seemed to flinch, and give a nervous shudder. Its nose came up lazily and it climbed for a little, with the Spitfire following. Suddenly there was a puff of dark blue smoke and a few small pieces of metal came whipping back at the pursuer, spinning like boomerangs, as though in a final, hopeless gesture of defiance.

Tuck took his thumb from the button and ruddered smartly to the right as the burning Messerschmitt rose steeply, slowed, and seemed to hang in the air, nose pointing to the sun. Then suddenly it flicked over to the left. Once, twice, three times it rolled, as correctly as if giving an aerobatics display, and then it started down in a weary spiral.

He dived through the cloud and waited underneath a long time before it appeared. Though it was against orders, he meant to follow it down, to see it crash—he *had to be absolutely certain*. But it was hard to follow: several times as it built up speed its elevators, trimmed for level flight, made it climb again for a few hundred feet, so that it came down in long, dipping stages. It was as if the Messerschmitt were trying to shake him off, to sneak away and die alone.

But finally it fell, in its red and black garland, into a ploughed field. And blew up.

He climbed back into the cloud and set course for home. He felt no elation, only a quiet satisfaction. He had carried out his first act of war—coolly, correctly, professionally. . . .

They were off again at 1:45. At 8,000 feet over the French beaches several of them simultaneously spotted a pack of between thirty and forty twin-engined Messerschmitt 110s diving from almost directly overhead.

The 110s were formidably armed. In the nose they had a fixed cannon and machine-guns, fired by the pilot. Behind the pilot, back-to-back with him, the rear-gunner manipulated a single free-swivelling, heavy machine gun. They came through the formation spewing tracer fore and aft, and then suddenly friend and foe were milling round and round as one loose mass, in a macabre waltz. Now some of the Spitfires were opening up. The air was crisscrossed with their fire—a fantastic imbroglia of glowing, curving lines—and clearly there was a great risk of pilots on both sides being shot down by their comrades.

Wheeling round in the thick of this confusion, for a time Tuck could see nothing to

shoot at. Then a 110 drifted majestically in front of him, startlingly close, in a gentle bank-and-skidding slightly. It seemed enormous, impregnable. Its rear gunner swung his long barrel round and Tuck instinctively ducked as the bullets ricocheted off his cowl-ing and canopy, filling the cockpit with the bitter stench of cordite. Then he was firing back, holding the gunsight's dot steady on the gunner's goggled face for seconds on end, watching the Spit's eight streams of metal tear into the Messerschmitt's cabin, fuselage, and port engine.

At last the tail-gunner stopped firing—Tuck thought by now the fellow must be carrying more than his own weight in bullets. The 110 was see-sawing, bits were flying off the port wing, and a thin, straight line of black was trailing from the port engine. He kept his thumb on the button until it flicked over and plunged vertically down, blossoming like a red flower as flames burst from its shattered engine and spread along the wing.

He pulled up and put his neck into swivel-gear. Spitfires and 110s were slashing across and up and down, turning, writhing, rolling through the lethal latticework of tracer. His earphones rang with a bewildering din—four and five voices shrieking at once.

"Look out—here's another!"

"Watch that bastard—smack underneath you, man, *under* you!"

"He's burning—I got him. I got him, chaps!"

"Bloody hell, I've been hit. . . ."

"Jesus, where are they all coming from?"

"For God's sake, *somebody*. . . !

Furiously, he yelled into his microphone: "Shut up, for Christ's sake!" But it did no good.

SHADOWS flicked by close overhead—a 110 with Tony Bartley not more than fifty yards from its tail, pouring continuous fire into it. Bartley was taking a terrible chance: if the Hun exploded the Spit would be destroyed too. "Bloody idiot!" Tuck muttered—but the term expressed affectionate admiration.

Then above the commingled dins there came a cry that almost split his helmet—a long, horrendous sound which might have been dragged up from secret ocean depths. To his right he saw Flight Sergeant Wooder's Spitfire a blazing brand. Under the perspex of its canopy there was not the vaguest sign of a human figure, only a seething mass of yellow flame. It was like looking through the peep-hole of a blast furnace.

The fiery wreck fell slowly, wilting, becoming shapeless, till it resembled nothing so much as a lump of rag which somebody had soaked in petrol, lit, and tossed over the side. Tuck watched in sickly fascination—until something struck his windscreen a tremendous, jarring blow. A 110 was charging towards him, head-on, bombarding him with its shells and bullets.

He blazed back at it, holding the collision course. The two machines hurtled to meet each other, converging at a speed of roughly 600 m.p.h., their gunports flashing like bared fangs. The first to break off would almost certainly be destroyed—because he would present an easy target to the other. It was a question of which pilot had the strongest nerve.

In the final second, when it seemed that the weird joust could only end in an annihilating crash, an irresistible reflex made Tuck

close his eyes and yank his head down below the level of the windscreen. A split-second roar, like an express train bursting out of a tunnel. He never knew whether the Messerschmitt passed below or above him. When he raised his head again, and looked over his shoulder, he saw it far behind him, losing a little height, turning east—towards the land. He thought he glimpsed a faint, white trail from one of its engines. He wheeled the Spitfire and set off in pursuit.

On the top left and bottom right corners of his windscreen there were ugly, opaque blotches, staring in at him like big blind eyes. Two of the Hun's shells had smacked him squarely: if the fitters hadn't installed the new type screen just over an hour before, these hits would have come through and taken off his head. . . .

He caught up with the 110 a mile or two inland and opened fire from about 500 yards. The rear-gunner replied with great accuracy, and the bullets drummed on the Spitfire's nose and canopy like savage rain. The German pilot took violent evasive action, lifting and dropping his damaged machine in a mad gambado. But he couldn't shake off his resolute and agile tormentor, so he dived to tree-top level in the hope that the Englishman wouldn't have the nerve to follow.

Tuck followed, hard and fast. Now the duel became an obstacle race, with each protagonist's attention divided between fighting and flying, with neglect or misjudgment in either department entailing equal peril. They squeezed sideways—banked and skidding—through narrow gaps in thickets of firs . . . lifted wingtips over church steeples . . . grazed farmhouse chimneys with their prop tips . . . weaved along a river so low that their slipstreams whipped up spray and set small boats rocking madly at their moorings. And all the time they were exchanging long bursts of fire, knocking pieces off each other, the pursuer drawing closer with each second until they were less than two hundred yards apart.

Once Tuck came near to losing the battle. The 110 went under some high tension cables and barely managed to pull up in time to clear some sharply rising ground beyond. Bob, on a split-second decision, pulled up earlier, rose over the cables like a hurdler—and in so doing exposed his belly as a succulent target for the Hun rear-gunner. In the dragging moments before he could get flat down on to the deck again, scores of bullets ripped through his wings and the underside of the fuselage. But the Merlin's warlike roar didn't falter and the Spit flew on.

IT was the rear-gunner's last enfilade. Tuck's next burst riddled him; the long-barrelled gun dipped, swung loosely, then drooped dispiritedly over the side of the Messerschmitt's fuselage. At once the German pilot, realizing he was at the Spitfire's mercy, swung into a long, flat field and crash-landed in a whorl of dust.

Tuck circled about fifty feet over the wreck and saw the pilot scramble out and run clear. Jolly good luck to him!—he deserved to get away with it, after that wonderful bit of low flying!

No hard feelings. Flushed with success, excited from the long and hazardous chase, Tuck felt a positive affection for his vanquished foe. So he circled even lower, slid back his canopy and waved to him.

The German was standing perfectly still

now, a few yards from the hulk of his aircraft, looking up at the wheeling conqueror. An erect, proud figure in a smart grey uniform and polished black boots. And then suddenly he raised his arms.

He's waving back. No hard feelings. . . .

A bullet whined through the cockpit, chipping the edge of the windscreen's side panel, less than six inches from Tuck's face. Another glanced off the outside of the screen—leaving a third opaque blotch. The German's raised arms held a Schmeisser automatic machine pistol.

Tuck felt betrayed. So this was the enemy—this was the sort of fight it was going to be. . . . His eyes narrowed and his teeth clamped hard.

HE drew away from the field, then went in again, very low, and laid his sights on that defiant grey figure which still held the gun levelled at him. Coolly, carefully, he checked his turn-and-bank indicator, then squeezed the button. The ground all round the German erupted in wicked flashes, clods of earth and spurts of dust. It was a very short burst, for the Spitfire had very little ammo left, and after a second or so there was only the hiss of compressed air and the futile clankings of the empty breech blocks. Enough, though.

The Hun staggered two or three steps through the dust, like a man lost in a fog, then pitched on to his face. The oily smoke from his burning plane gradually drifted over and covered him. . . .

She was standing on one side of the old-fashioned hearth, holding a dainty glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other. A tall, strong, straight-backed girl with cool, agate eyes and abundant, honey-blonde hair that seemed to stir like smoke each time she turned her face to one or another of the people clustered round her.

Tuck saw her the instant he entered the room, and he stopped dead and stood staring for a long time from just inside the doorway, across the breadth of the dance floor, lifting and weaving his head whenever a fox-trotting couple blocked his view. Not for years had he experienced such a powerful emotional surge. It was totally beyond his understanding and control. A fierce, sweet pain in his chest—caused simply by looking at a strange young woman? It was the most ridiculous and mysterious thing that had ever happened to him, and his instinctive reaction was one of resentment. He struggled to be objective, to fight off this embarrassing and unnerving sensation, to reason it away—

Firstly, she's smoking. . . . (He'd always thought it an inelegant habit in women.) She smokes hungrily, like a man. She takes big lungfuls of it, and exhales in powerful little jets, through her nostrils as well as her lips. See how pale she is—unnaturally pale. Not the outdoor type! Not beautiful, you couldn't say that. And her expression . . . it suggests a polite tolerance—faint amusement, covering up boredom. . . . Very superior type, good family, finishing school and all that. . . . And that dress, hideous color! (It was royal blue, which had always revolted him—and still does. Joyce had made the dress herself. She never wore it again after that night.) Seems too tight. Sleeves are a funny length, neither one thing nor t'other. Definitely a weird get-up. . . .

But for every fault he sought out, and strove to enlarge, an arguing voice within

him listed two or three assets: the cool grace of every little movement of hands or head—the clear, white texture of her skin, startling even at this distance—the softness and the thrust of her body under that tight dress—the poise and the strength and the overwhelming femininity. . . .

Then suddenly, as he stood staring across at her, she half-turned, laughing lightly at some joke, and there came a momentous instant when their eyes met . . . locked . . . seemed to speak, to say simply: "Ah—so here you are!" It was as if they had clasped hands. He found himself moving round the dance floor, through the noise and the smoke towards her.

They were together for the rest of the evening. Conversation flowed with superb ease—Tuck had never talked so freely and naturally with any female. . . .

Joyce's parents had gone to bed. They sat by the fire in the big, softly lit lounge with the wind pressing on the window panes and talked into the wee small hours. They talked about the most unlikely, quite inconsequential things—dogs, swimming, cars, wines, foreign foods, tennis, holiday resorts, photog-



raphy, horse riding, Tommy Handley, market gardening, Wilfred Pickles, skiing. . . . They did not talk about the war. She didn't ask him about his flying, and for once he seemed quite able to find other topics.

He was still a little afraid of what was happening to him. He had the uneasy feeling that he was just discovering something that other men found much earlier in life.

A streaky dawn was in the sky when at last they parted by the airfield gates. He stood with his hands on the car door, smiling down at her. There had been no passion between them, but something so much more important that neither had even hinted at it. But each knew that the other knew.

"Tonight?"

"Yes, Robert." He loved the way she said his name.

"I'll 'phone. About six, probably."

"That'll be fine. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Joyce." He stood back as she deftly reversed the car in the narrow road, turned it, and sped off. He had known she wasn't the kind to say "take care of yourself" or "be careful" or anything silly like that, and he was glad she hadn't looked back

expecting him to wave. Most women were children, but this one was grown-up. He went through the gate and up the drive with a light, quick step, feeling like a man who has suddenly, unexpectedly, become very rich.

On December 29th at about 11:20 A.M. the radar screens picked up a lone Dornier 17 speeding southwards down the Norfolk coast at exactly 4,000 feet, doubtless photographing towns, harbors and shipping. A light mist lay over the land, but above the water the air was crystal clear.

Tuck and Carl Capon were sent up and vectored on to the prowler. Heading eastwards through the mist, following control's directions, they had to fly with the greatest precision in order to make the interception "spot on." For if the fast, stripped down recce-plane spotted them from any distance, it would turn away, put its nose down and have a very good chance of reaching the French coast before the Hurris could catch up. Tuck's plan was to let control guide them to their quarry under cover of the mist, then they'd pop out and have him in range immediately.

An error of two miles an hour or a degree off course could wreck the scheme. They riveted their eyes on their instruments and made tiny, fiddly adjustments every few seconds. And sure enough just as the controller reported: "Pilots coinciding—now!" they burst into the clear air and saw their enemy converging swiftly, a matter of five hundred yards distant. Only brilliant pilots could have done it.

The raider had no chance to turn away. Carl lunged straight for it in a beam attack, and Tuck swooped round on to its tail. Once Carl had passed over the bomber and got out of the way—having punched some holes in its withers—Tuck opened up from a hundred and fifty yards. At once beads of oil appeared on his windscreen. Another very long, steady burst chewed off a large piece of the tail and started the port engine smoking. The Dornier rose suddenly, violently, in a salmon-like leap. He closed to a hundred yards and belted it again, up into the smooth, blind belly. Then over and down it went and smacked into the sea just off Great Yarmouth, without having fired a shot. They circled the patch of foaming water, but saw no survivors.

NEW Year's Eve he'd intended to spend at Joyce's home—quietly, because he could never see the point of a wild celebration just because the world was another 365 days older. But in the afternoon a signal came over the teleprinter from Headquarters 12 Group:

H.M. THE KING ON RECOMMENDATION OF THE A.O.C.-IN-C. HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO APPROVE AWARD OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER TO SQUADRON LEADER R. R. S. TUCK, D.F.C. AND BAR SQ.257 STOP OFFICIAL CITATION STATES QUOTE THIS OFFICER HAS COMMANDED HIS SQUADRON WITH GREAT SUCCESS AND HIS OUTSTANDING LEADERSHIP COURAGE AND SKILL HAVE BEEN REFLECTED IN ITS HIGH MORALE AND EFFICIENCY UNQUOTE END MESSAGE.

Staggering news. The D.S.O. was the next most important decoration after the Victoria Cross. There was no false modesty in his surprise: he reckoned he'd been going pretty well lately, but he didn't think his work had

been *that* outstanding! He was very pleased about the wording of the official announcement, because it was a tribute not just to him but to the whole squadron. . . .

Slowly he raised his hands, leaning back against the fuselage of his crashed Spitfire, and watched the Germans coming at him. The lower part of his face was stiff and sticky with blood from his nose, and he could see with only one eye. He had to breathe through his mouth, and he kept swallowing blood. His head was splitting and he wanted to be sick, but he stayed erect—a tall, slender figure in a beautifully tailored battledress, waiting to be lynched by the infuriated Germans whose comrades he had slain just a few seconds before with a last, defiant blast of the fighter's guns.

What a long, hard road it had been, only to end like this. . . .

THEY grabbed his arms, three or four of them at once, and dragged him towards the wreckage of the gun-lorry he'd blasted. They screeched insults, prodded him with rifle muzzles and butts, kicked him with their heavy, dirty boots. They stopped beside the smoking wreckage of the lorry and the broken bodies of the crew. His captors pointed and gesticulated, all yelling at once. They kept shoving him forward, to make sure he saw the full horror of the scene.

Yes, first they rub my nose in it, then they beat me to death . . . or string me up from the nearest tree. He braced himself for the agony and the humiliation of it.

But gradually he became aware of a change in their attitude. His arms were free, he wasn't being prodded or kicked any more. His dazed mind fumbled with this mystery and took a long time to grasp the astounding fact that the yelling and the screeching had changed—to laughter! And then—marvel of his life!—they were smacking him on the back and one of them was shouting in his ear, over and over again: "*Goot shot, Englander! Goot shot. . . .!*"

Peering with his good eye in the direction of several pointing arms, he saw that by an incredible fluke one of the Spitfire's shells had gone right up one of the long, slim barrels of the multiple 20 mm. and exploded inside, splitting it open in curled strips, like a half-peeled banana! "Tuck's Luck" again—not deserting him in those final seconds of flying, still with him as his dying aircraft levelled out a few inches from the ground. . . .

To get a better view of the curiously distorted barrel, some of them were walking over the mangled remains of their friends, and still roaring with laughter. The Teutonic sense of humor was incomprehensible to Tuck, but he knew it had saved him.

When their mirth subsided, they led him over some fields to the Flakregiment's headquarters, and gave him a cigarette on the way. A middle-aged *stabsfeldwebel* (senior warrant officer) bathed his face, but couldn't staunch the flow of blood from his nose. Then as dusk deepened he was marched under strong guard for about two miles to a village, where he was handed over to the military police. They noted his name, rank and service number, "frisked" him to ensure he was unarmed, but didn't search his pockets. Then he was locked up in a small, dark cell on the upper floor of what he supposed had been the village hall.

He flopped on to the low iron cot with his sodden handkerchief pressed to his nose, and

suddenly began to shake violently all over. His teeth chattered, his breathing became jerky and painful, and though it was cold in the cell he sweated copiously. But quite soon a young, kindly-faced Wehrmacht doctor came, staunched the bleeding and gave him some pills. After a few minutes the shaking stopped, and he was able to drink a little *ersatz* coffee and eat some bread and cheese which the guard brought.

The cell had a small, high window with thin iron bars. He thought later on he'd try prying the bars loose with a chair or table leg. If he knotted some blankets together he might be able to climb down to the courtyard.

He rested for about an hour, stretched on his back in the dimness, wondering whether somebody had telephoned Joyce.

Before dawn a strong guard party, commanded by a tall young lieutenant with rimless spectacles, came to collect him. The lieutenant saluted smartly. "We are taking you by train to Germany," he said. "You are regarded as an important prisoner and my orders are very clear. If you try to escape you are to be shot down without hesitation. My men will not take the slightest chance with you. Is that understood please, *Herr Oberstleutnant?*"

"Perfectly, thank you very much," said Tuck, and he managed a cheerful grin.

THE young lieutenant was extremely efficient. Throughout the entire journey Tuck was guarded day and night by two soldiers at a time, one of them sitting opposite him with a drawn pistol, the other outside in the corridor with a rifle. But there was no bullying: on the contrary when the captive, clad only in his light battledress and still weak from loss of blood and shock, began to shiver and sneeze in the unheated compartment, the lieutenant gave him his own great-coat. (He took it back, however, whenever they stopped at a station—in case some S.S. or Gestapo man should come nosing around!) They brought him hot drinks, soup and plenty of bread and potatoes. When they reached Halle, near Leipzig, they transferred to motor lorry and started across country for Dulag Luft—the reception camp for Allied air force prisoners.

As the lorry rumbled through the camp gates, as he looked over the tailboard and saw the great bastions of barbed wire and the machine-gun towers on their high stilts, he decided that he was going to be about the most troublesome, obdurate and insulting prisoner the Huns had ever had to cope with. And cunning, too—he'd get out, somehow!

Tuck's "private war" began long before he reached Stalag Luft III. At Dulag Luft he was un-cooperative and insulting. Neither solitary confinement in a cell that was kept at near suffocation temperature, nor tempting promises of special food and privileges, changed his attitude. He used the foulest language to Luftwaffe intelligence chiefs trying to interrogate him, smashed up his cell after they'd taken away his Polish wings and Iron Cross, and kept demanding all sorts of fantastic things as "rights under the terms of the Geneva Convention."

Tuck's first escape bid was made in partnership with a tall, rock-faced Polish flight lieutenant named Zbishek Kustrzynski. They planned to get out in the horse-drawn cart which collected the camp's refuse and took it to a dump on the edge of a pine wood about

two miles away. The guards at the main gate invariably prodded deep into the refuse with long, pointed steel shafts, but Tuck decided they could make a shield which would protect them. Once out of the gate and on the way to the dump, it shouldn't be too difficult to unfasten the tailboard, worm out and slip into the woods.

Other officers made friends with the old man in charge of the cart, bribing him with cigarettes and morsels of chocolate from their Red Cross parcels. Gradually they won his confidence, until it became the regular thing for him to slip into one of the huts at mid-morning for a ten-minute chat and a smoke. They were careful to entertain him in a hut hidden by others from the nearest "goon-boxes." While the cart was left unattended Tuck and Zbishek were able to take measurements, from which they fashioned a false bottom out of bedboards reinforced with strips cut from a metal basin. They called it "the coffin lid."

They got the all-clear from "X Organization," were supplied with "suits," papers, money and little cakes of concentrated food made from oatmeal, sugar, margarine and powdered chocolate. While the refuse collector was having his tea break, with the help of other prisoners they unloaded the refuse already collected from other parts of the compound, and lay flat on their stomachs in the bottom of the cart. Then the helpers placed the "coffin lid" on top of them and reloaded, covering everything.

The cart was a little less than half-full. They didn't mind the sour smell, or the dreadful heat, but they'd never have believed that a load made up principally of tins, cardboard, ashes, potato peelings, tea leaves and floor sweepings could weigh so much! During the next hour, as the old man trundled leisurely on his rounds, emptying bin after bin on top of the heap, they found that breathing was becoming hard labor. Crushed against the rough planks, with their heads turned sideways and their sweat-varnished faces inches apart, they cracked jokes in jerky wheezy whispers and stuck it out. But before long the pressure cut off the circulation in their legs, and then suddenly the "coffin lid" groaned and cracked and dust and ashes started to trickle through. Still they stayed put—until Tuck felt an overwhelming drowsiness stealing over his aching body, and realized they were in danger of passing out and being suffocated. "Out!" he gasped.

And found he couldn't move.

WORKING together, they heaved with their shoulders and hauled themselves towards the back of the cart. They had to fight for every inch. It felt like being caught in the deep, sucking slime of a swamp. Another sickening crack, more dirt poured through. It kept coming, faster, piling up between them and the tailboard. They were being buried alive.

Worse than being lynched, Tuck thought, to die in a stinking refuse heap. . . .

They gathered their strength for a final effort. Together they heaved, together they thrust forward. Tuck's outstretched fingers, clawing through the loose dirt, found the catch of the tailboard.

Seconds later the refuse collector rounded the corner of a hut with one of the very last bins on his stout old shoulders in time to see his load cascading over the back of the cart,

and two grey phantoms staggering out of the dust, coughing and retching. Other prisoners came to the rescue—rushed Tuck and Zbishek into the hut, and even remembered to retrieve the broken “coffin lid,” before any of the guards could come and investigate.

When a guard did appear, the old man said it was just an accident—the tailboard catch had given way. He couldn’t afford to admit that he’d been accepting hospitality from the prisoners and leaving his cart unattended.

Weeks, months, went by and one plan after another had to be abandoned. Often Tuck’s patience snapped, but two things sustained him, prevented him from embarking on some wild and futile enterprise—the swelling roar of the Allied bomber streams thrusting for the heart of the Fatherland, and Joyce’s sane and steady-flowing letters.

IN the first days of 1945 the food situation suddenly worsened. It had never been good—the Germans, in defiance of the Geneva Convention, fed each prisoner on a budget of roughly one shilling and twopence a week, and but for the Red Cross parcels thousands undoubtedly would have starved. Now, as the bombing of railways and cities increased and the victorious Russian armies pressed towards the Polish border, the parcels stopped coming through regularly. Tuck, always a gastrophile, suffered dreadful gnawing pains and doubling cramps, and grew frighteningly thin.

At six o’clock on January 28th the Germans suddenly routed them out and marched them off through thick snow, heading due west. The thinly clad, ill-nourished prisoners suffered frostbite, developed coughs and colds—some of which led to pneumonia.

Darkness had fallen when at last they halted at a farm near Kunou, Upper Silesia, and were herded into barns and outhouses. That night men cried out in their sleep. Two fell silent forever.

Next day they stumbled on, through the unrelenting snowstorm, to another village called Gross Selten. By this time there were so many sick that even the most panicky guards took pity, and they were allowed to rest for two night. But they got no medical attention, and the only food was watery stew. On the 31st another desperate march brought them to a place called Bransdorf, where they were once more locked in barns. They were given a very little thin soup. Somebody produced a packet of pepper—saved from a Red Cross parcel. They poured it into the soup: the sting of it on their tongues gave an illusion of warmth.

Tuck’s nose, lips and one ear were severely frostbitten. Zbishek had diarrhea. Almost every man had some ailment—another day like this and many of them would die or be crippled for life. They still had no inkling where they were being taken, and the notion germinated that Hitler might have flipped his lid altogether and ordered the execution of all Allied prisoners before the advancing armies could save them.

It was generally agreed that now it must be “every man for himself.” Anyone who saw a chance to duck out should take it.

Tuck and Zbishek decided to stick together. They explored their barn and found that its loft was stuffed with straw, twenty feet thick towards the back. While they were trying to formulate a plan, the guards let in two teen-aged boys to collect the empty soup pails. They didn’t look German. Zbishek addressed

the elder of them, a lad about sixteen, in Polish and learned that they were Russian slave-laborers.

“Will you help us?” Tuck asked in suddenly remembered Russian. The boys looked scared, but they nodded in affirmation. With Zbishek’s help he explained that they meant to hide under the straw in the hope that they’d be left behind when the column moved off next morning.

“If you succeed,” the older boy said, “we will try to bring you food.” Then he hurried off, pulling the younger one after him.

Zbishek arranged with some of the chaps for a cover-up at roll-call in the morning. By now they were all past-masters in the art of slipping from one rank to another while the Germans were counting, thereby making the addition come out the way they wanted it to.

Tuck found the pepper packet, still half

the barn—overturning machinery, smashing the wooden stalls—then their boots came thumping up the broad stairboards to the loft. Several of them climbed on top of the straw. The fugitives felt the pressure as each man passed above them. The *hundfuehrer* sounded very close as he shouted commands to his Alsatians—

“Hans! Karl! Good boys, smell them out!”

The rustling movements of the dogs over the straw grew louder, stopped directly overhead. The sound of their heavy panting carried down very clearly through the stack.

“Over here, all you men!” the *hundfuehrer* cried suddenly. “Let’s shift some of this!”

Pitchforks swishing and tearing through the straw . . . every stroke a little louder, a little nearer . . . the Alsatians whining in excitement now—probably being held back on their leads while the soldiers worked. . . .

“That’ll do, stand back and let the dogs in! Smell them out boys, smell them out!”

The dogs came scampering, pawing, sniffing. To Tuck and Zbishek, it sounded deafening, as if they were only two or three feet above. Then the quick breathing changed abruptly—to sneezing.

The Alsatians didn’t like the pepper. They got out of the straw at top speed and bounded away to the other side of the loft. The *hundfuehrer* cursed and went crashing over the straw after them, bawling threats.

Tuck and Zbishek waited for the digging to be resumed, but after a few more random prods the soldiers moved away and worked on another part of the stack.

“Ach, these stupid dogs,” they heard one man complain, “they think we’re playing a game, that’s all. They’d make us move tons of this stuff, just to get at a dead rat. . . .”

The *hundfuehrer*, judging by his furious shouts, also subscribed to this theory. At any rate, he didn’t bring the dogs back. After another quarter of an hour, the whole party left.

The fugitives stayed in the straw for the rest of that day. They were ravenously hungry, they were excited by their success and eager to start on their way, but they knew they must move only by dead of night. They had decided to make for the Russian lines—surely not more than a hundred miles to the east. . . .

A low, persistent whistling brought them out of the stack. The elder of the two Russian boys was waiting, holding a cloth bundle in his arms. He was a melancholy, soft-eyed, soft-spoken youngster, with a shaven head and a narrow chest. As he unwrapped his bundle he told them his name was Shenia Sukovkin. They gave him their names, and thanked him for taking risks on their behalf.

HE had brought them half a loaf of black bread and some potatoes. Also some very ragged clothing, thick socks, warm ski-caps with ear-flaps and a long-bladed hunting knife. When they’d gobbled the food and donned the caps and oddments of clothing, he said: “Now you are to follow me,” and led them out of the barn.

They kept away from the roads. Though the blizzard had ended at last, the going was very rough. Snow lay deep in the fields, and a fretful wind blew it into drifts, whipped it up in their faces. The countryside was bare and still and empty of all wild life. *The time when everything turns to white iron. . . .*

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full, and put it in his pocket. Then he and Zbishek clambered into the loft and burrowed deep into the center of the straw. It was soft, loose and not heavy. Tuck pushed his way upwards for about ten or twelve feet and holding his breath carefully sprinkled the pepper over the area above their hiding place. Then he wormed his way back down. It was warm under the straw. Huddled together, they fell into a deep sleep.

About five hours after they’d heard the others moving off, the search party came crashing into the barn. The N.C.O. in charge thundered at his men to find pitchforks and probe every square foot of straw. “Wish we’d brought the coffin lid,” Zbishek whispered. Tuck silenced him with a jab in the ribs.

Then they heard the dogs barking. . . .

The Germans ransacked the lower part of

(Continued on page 48)

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Slowly and insidiously the terrible cold crept into their gaunt bodies. Frequently they lay down in ditches and behind hedges, waiting for vehicles to pass along a nearby road. Every sound and glimmer of light had a double meaning, every move a dubious consequence.

Crossing a frozen river, Shenia slipped and fell heavily. Zbishek stooped to help him, but with a flurry of indignation the boy shook free of his grip, and got to his feet unaided. As he set off in the lead once more he held his shoulders well back, but he couldn't help limping just a little.

"**H**E'S a good chap," Tuck said, through chattering teeth. "All Ruskies are tough!" Zbishek only grunted.

The hard miles faded behind them, and the thumping aches under their ribs became a torment. Daylight was beginning to seep through the clouds in the east when they staggered into a farmyard not far from Gross Selten. Shenia led them straight into a barn where they were gladdened by the sight of a large, charcoal brazier with a pan full of ersatz coffee simmering on top, and a black cat sitting nearby, polishing its whiskers. As they threw themselves down and basked in the blue-red glow, a small figure emerged from the shadows. Shenia introduced Vasya Beresnev—another Russian boy, a little younger, and with a deep, ragged scar across his forehead. He handed Tuck four thin, evil-looking cigarettes, smiling and bowing.

"This is the English Colonel," Shenia said. Then, waving a hand toward Zbishek, but not looking at him—"and that is Captain Kustrzynski." There was something in the lad's manner that troubled Tuck.

Seated around the brazier, sipping the scalding coffee and munching potatoes, the two pilots and the two urchins held a council of war. The countryside, the boys said, was thick with Germans. The Russian forces, it seemed, were considerably further away than

Tuck and Zbishek had thought, but were advancing very swiftly.

"We have many friends on farms between here and the front," Shenia said, "*Ostlanders* like ourselves. We will pass you on to them. They will hide you and feed you. And when the time is right, Vasya and I would like to join you. We shall all be liberated together!"

Tuck thanked them, and asked whether it would be possible to find a couple of old overcoats. They said gravely they'd see what they could do.

During the next three weeks they moved from farm to farm, working slowly eastward. Always they were looked after solely by Russian slave-laborers, whole peasant families the Nazis had transported from the Ukraine to work on Polish and German farms. These people had very little food for themselves, but they readily shared what they had with the escaped airmen.

Zbishek was weak and staggering from dysentery, but he remained resolute, and forced on gamely without a word of complaint. Tuck marvelled at his determination, wondered where he got such reserves of strength.

ONCE they jarred awake and found their hiding place surrounded by Germans—bedraggled, surly infantrymen, their faces blurred with fatigue, obviously just back from the fighting zone. Tuck and Zbishek scuttled to the loft of the barn and, peering through a narrow slit at the eaves, watched them plundering the farm of food and all the loot they could carry away.

Then one of the Huns, a plump N.C.O., came into the barn and started climbing the steps to the loft! They dived for the only possible hiding place—under the water-tank.

The German walked right up to the tank, lifted the lid and looked inside—for some reason checking the water level. There wasn't much light in the loft, so he propped up the lid and struck a match. As he did so, he shifted round one side of the tank and his heavy boot came down on Tuck's fingers.

Tuck had to bite his lip to check a yelp of pain. It was several seconds before the big man shifted his foot again and went back down the steps.

Tuck's hand was stiff and one of the nails started to turn black. But an hour later the bedraggled column trudged off, and the danger was past. And that night Shenia turned up with two worn but windproof coats. When Tuck asked where he'd got them he said calmly: "Off some people killed by strafing." Only then did they notice the bullet holes and the dark stains. . . .

Just a few days later they were at yet another farm when a whole convoy of lorries filled with troops and equipment suddenly turned off the road and came rumbling into the yard. It was plain that the Germans meant to billet themselves here for the night. Two husky young Russians grabbed Tuck and Zbishek and stuffed them into a disused ham-curing oven, a brick box approximately four feet high, three feet wide and five feet long, in the spacious entrance hall of the farmhouse. They couldn't stand up, they couldn't lie down. They could only squat, heads bowed and knees drawn up, in the inky darkness. Within half an hour their muscles were cramped and throbbing and their spines seemed to be cracking. But after a while longer they grew numb, so that their discomfort lessened. Fortunately there were some small holes in the metal door, so they wouldn't suffocate.

They had hoped to slip away after dark, once the Huns were asleep. But sentries were mounted in the hallway, and all night long they could hear footsteps, low voices, rifles rattling. Once a sentry stopped by the oven and they heard him strike a match on the top.

FOR the past few days Zbishek had been suffering from dysentery. Towards morning he had an attack. And then, of course, Tuck was nauseated. Zbishek's high Polish pride was shattered by the situation.

Suddenly they were cursing each other in the blackness. But neither had much strength; and soon the effort exhausted them.

They were silent for a long time, then Tuck whispered, "Zbishek, that was bloody awful! I don't know how it happened."

"Neither do I. Let's forget it."

"How d'you feel now?"

"Shagged out, but I can stick it a bit longer if you can, Robert."

"Good lad. Look, I'll bunch up really tight . . . like this. Now try moving your legs a bit, eh? Then I'll have a go." In this way they found they could flex their numbed limbs for a few inches. Yet they had to take great care not to kick the door: the slightest sound might have attracted a guard.

But Zbishek had more attacks of dysentery.

"Christ, I'm sorry, Robert! I'm sorry!"

"It's all right, boy. . . . These bastards will move soon as it's light."

But the Germans didn't move. The fugitives had to stay cooped up in that stinking black box for forty-two hours.

When at last the lorries rolled away and the Ruskies opened the oven door, neither man could move. They had to be lifted out, still doubled up. Necks and spines and legs were locked rigid. They had to be massaged and gradually pulled back into shape, and it was three days before they could walk properly again. But then their spirits soared—they'd stuck it out, they'd cheated the Ger-



"Police Department? I think there's a sex maniac trying to break in. I'll call you back in an hour."

mans once more! If they could get through that, they'd get through anything. . . .

On again by night, ever eastward. Now in the distance they could see the faint flashes of gunfire. By now they both had thick beards, and in their ragged coats and woolen caps they looked like anarchist assassins.

Zbishek got over his dysentery, and they began to talk a lot about what they'd do when they got back to England. Tuck knew what he'd do. He'd marry Joyce just as quickly as the law would allow! Joyce, with her enduring serenity, her unspoken devotion, her undiminishing faith. . . .

SOON after first light on February 22nd, 1945, they were wakened by the crash of shells landing close to their barn. The flashes of the explosions were searing through the loft, and tiles were flying off the roof. They crawled under the water-tank a moment before the rafters collapsed. Peering out of the wreckage, they saw thick columns of smoke rising from the surrounding fields.

"The first thing I became aware of," Tuck remembers, "was a smell. A very special smell I hadn't known since the day I was shot down—cordite. It made my pulse leap. I gave a whoop and smacked Zbishek's back, then he smacked mine. There were shells whistling overhead and bursting damned close, but we couldn't have cared less. We felt we were practically home!"

Then came a series of louder, different-sounding explosions. They crawled to the end of the loft and looked down into the farmyard. Four German 40 mm.s were parked beneath, close by the wall of the barn, their crews slaving to keep up a rapid fire. From

this position Tuck could distinguish in the distance running figures, horsemen, a few lurching vehicles.

It was a beautiful morning! The sky overhead was pale blue, and the early sun was scattering rubies on the snow. Far to the south some sleepily old hills had pulled fleecy coverlets of cloud over their white heads. And those little running figures on the plain to the east were—Russians!

Suddenly the 40 mm.s stopped firing. Powerful trucks swept round into the yard. In a matter of seconds the well-drilled gunners had their pieces hitched on to the trucks and the whole outfit was roaring off down the road to the southwest. Tuck and Zbishek stood up and, unkempt heads sticking out of the wreckage of the barn roof, they waved and cheered like schoolchildren on breaking-up day.

One of the slave-laborers, a plump and pretty girl named Maria, ran towards the barn shouting: "We are free! The Germans have all gone, and our brothers are here! Come out, come out! We'll give them a welcome together!"

They hurried down, but just as they reached the yard more shells exploded, even closer than before. Maria fled squealing into the house, to join her mother and sister, Shenia, Vasya and several others—already sheltering in the cellar. Tuck and Zbishek dropped into a long, narrow potato trench three feet deep and lay on their stomachs.

THE bombardment lasted for perhaps ten minutes. Bits of tiles and clods of earth fell on their backs now and then. When the din stopped, with an astonishing abruptness

that they somehow mistrusted, Tuck rolled onto his back and started to sit up, slowly. He stopped half-way, leaning back on his elbows; he was staring right into the wickedly shining little snout of a tommy-gun.

The weapon was held by a villainous, fur-capped figure—from this low angle he seemed a giant! His light blue eyes were glazed, lifeless. Little rivulets of sweat trickled down his broad, unshaven face. Tuck could see his wide nostrils distending as he inhaled in short, fierce breaths. He was swaying gently from side to side, and the muzzle of the gun weaved about just two feet from Tuck's face.

No doubt about it: this fellow was half-drunk. Tuck had the unsettling feeling that he was already lying in his grave. . . .

HE forced the stiff muscles of his face into what he hoped was a friendly, confident smile, and shouted in Russian: "It's good to see you, Comrade! We are British officers—escaped from prison camp!" The giant blinked, went on swaying. No change of expression.

Until now Zbishek hadn't realized they had a visitor—he'd raised his head cautiously and peered in the other direction. Now he whirled round and jerked to a sitting position.

Very slowly Tuck started to get to his feet, keeping up his flow of talk. "We owe our lives to some brave Russians, Comrade. They have been looking after us for weeks now, ever since we got away from the Germans. They themselves have been prisoners—slave-workers. Some of them are over there in the house now. I know they, too, will be overjoyed to see you. . . ."

Tuck was out of the trench now, facing the

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Russian. Zbishek was getting to his feet and about to follow.

From this level the Russian's menacing appearance had diminished. He was no longer a giant. In fact, he was rather squat and pot-bellied. Over his uniform he wore a very long civilian overcoat of navy blue, and one of his boots had a piece of wire wound round it to keep the sole on. But he was armed like a whole platoon. At his waist: a heavy revolver and an ornamental cavalry sabre, so long that its tip trailed in the snow. Slung over one shoulder he had a sack which obviously held grenades. Crossed over his chest were bandoliers of ammunition. And in his big, mittened hands: the tommy-gun. . . .

Making no sudden movements, Tuck undid his coat and pointed to the wings on his faded, grimy tunic. For the first time the Russian's expression changed. He frowned, leaned forward, and peered short-sightedly at the brevet. All the time he kept the muzzle of the gun wavering between the two of them, at stomach level. Very, very slowly a comprehending light crept into those blue eyes, and the ghost of a grin softened that flat face. Tuck took a chance, stuck out his hand and cried: "*Kak pajevietye, Tovarich!*" (How are you living, Comrade?) The Russian slung his tommy-gun over his shoulder and returned the greeting in a gritty bass. Next moment he was throwing his arms round their necks and kissing them full on the lips.

"WE are allies!" he rasped. "Together we are smashing the Fascists! I am your friend—Mikhail is my name! And to think I almost shot you!" Then he rummaged in his pockets, brought forth an aluminum flask and thrust it at Tuck.

"*Speert!*"

Tuck took a swig. He had drunk a wondrous variety of alcoholic beverages in his day, including South Carolina "moonshine" and "jungle juice" distilled from cabbages and potatoes in prison camp. But this stuff imprisoned the air in his lungs, went down to his boots, bounced back up again, exploded somewhere behind his eyes, scorched the inside of his nose and threw him into a violent fit of sneezing and coughing. Now he knew why Mikail swayed to and fro like that. . . .

Up until now Tuck had got along splendidly with the Russians. Shenia, Vasya, Maria and the other slave laborers had kept them alive in the midst of the enemy; Mikhail had turned out a decent enough chap.

The change, the rude awakening, came when the German bombardment ended and Mikhail led them to his major. The moment they entered the roomful of officers they could sense suspicion and enmity.

"It was a large room, and there were about ten officers. They all wore bright, flashy epaulettes and had ancient sabres buckled at their waists. At one end, behind a table which was bare except for a field telephone, stood the major.

"None of them moved or spoke as we walked the length of the room up to the table. I suddenly realized that I felt much less at my ease here than I had when I'd been shot down in France and marched before the officers of the German Flakregiment!

"I looked at some of the faces. Tough as nails, but brutish—horribly unintelligent. Zbishek is nearly six feet two inches tall, and I am just about six feet; all of these men



were either pretty short or medium-sized. It is possible that, in trying to overcome our uneasiness, and despite our unkempt appearance, we might have given an impression of arrogance."

Mikhail saluted and cleared his throat.

"These are the two Englishmen," he said.

The major, a slight man with deep-set eyes and a lean, bone-white face, looked straight at Tuck and shouted at the top of his voice: "I don't care who the devil they are, I will not have people making a noise and getting excited in my headquarters!"

So far neither of the R.A.F. men had spoken a word, and certainly none of the others in the room was making a noise or showing any sign of excitement!

Tuck looked the major straight in the eye and said slowly, firmly, in Russian: "How extraordinary!"

They stood very still and upright, staring at each other. There wasn't a sound in the room except a raspy squeak from Mikhail's poor old boots as he shifted his weight from one foot to another. Suddenly the major closed his eyes and with a sigh slumped wearily into his chair.

"Forgive me," he grunted. "I have not slept since I don't know when, and I feel rather ill."

"Please don't worry, major," Tuck said. "We understand."

"My officers and I have the honor of serving in the Second Gvardia Regiment, and this, as you probably know, is the First Ukrainian Army Front, commanded by the great Marshal Koniev. Now we shall require some information from you!"

TUCK introduced himself and his companion and outlined the story of their escape. At the name "Captain Kustrzynski" all eyes swung on to Zbishek. Tuck, anticipating awkward questions here, managed to slip into his account the story that though the Captain had Polish blood, he was in fact in every respect British. But he had the sinking feeling that none of them were convinced.

"Our Intelligence men will wish to talk to you later," the major said. "In the meantime we will find you somewhere to sleep."

From then on they were not exactly under guard, but they soon became aware that their every move was being watched and that an armed soldier was always hanging around in the background. They stayed with the

Second Gvardia Regiment for two weeks, advancing with them—going back west, instead of east. Their repeated requests for a message to be sent to the British Air Attaché in Moscow were ignored, and they were allowed no transport.

They were, virtually, prisoners again.

"Right, then," said Tuck, "we'll bloody well scarper again!" But that was very difficult—they were never left alone.

So, against their will, they fought for Stalin—taking part in some very stiff battles against die-hard S.S. men, flushing snipers out of woods and farms, enduring bombardments and strafings, pushing the *Nimietzki* back a few miles every day. It was galling to have to fight to gain every few hundred yards in the wrong direction!

The Russians suffered appalling casualties, but it didn't seem to bother them. Russia was rich in men—and women. (It was only after two or three days that Tuck and Zbishek realized that some of the soldiers that fought with them were females: they dressed exactly the same as the men.)

They were switched from company to company—always accompanied by at least one officer and several soldiers—and between actions were frequently entertained at huge feasts. Whenever their hosts got hungry they simply sent out a party to round up a few cattle, then roasted about twice as much meat as they needed. There appeared to be no shortage of vodka or wines. Sometimes the drinking lasted for twenty-four hours or more.

ONCE they were taken to the First Ukrainian Army H.Q. to be interviewed by General Alexandrov, one of Koniev's commanders. Their hopes soared—surely the General would arrange for them to be "cleared" and sent on their long journey home without further delay? But when they got there they found the Headquarters officers all hopelessly drunk—including Alexandrov. They were brought back, protesting, to the front.

After a two-day battle against an S.S. unit, one survivor was captured—a boy of about eighteen who, the Russians somehow discovered, was a fine pianist. They dragged this lad into a farmhouse taken over as the officers' mess, dumped him in front of an ancient piano and told him: "As long as you keep playing, you live. As soon as you stop, we will kill you!"

The youth was already exhausted by days of hard fighting, but he played for sixteen hours without respite. Chopin, Liszt, Grieg, and an assortment of light music and popular songs. He really was an excellent pianist. His captors flocked round the piano, humming and singing. They clapped him on the back, fed him drinks until he was half-tipsy. And when finally he slumped forward over the keyboard, sobbing and moaning, they picked him up, carried him outside, propped him against the back of the house and blasted him with tommy-guns.

Zbishek had to argue hotly with Tuck to prevent him flying into a rage over this brutality.

"For God's sake, Robert, nobody in England knows yet that we've escaped. If you insult these bloody barbarians they're liable to give us the same treatment—and who'd ever know we weren't shot by the Huns?"

They were taken to the First Ukrainian

(Continued on page 52)



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| ☐ Motel Supervisor | ☐ Office Mgr. |
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Army H.Q. again, this time to be interrogated by Intelligence officers. It was a long and unpleasant session. The interrogators were obviously convinced that Zbishek was a Polish national who'd escaped to England and joined the R.A.F.—which was, of course, the truth. They made it plain that the Soviet government intended to "look after" the Poles who came within its area of authority, and that none would be allowed to return to Britain or any of the Western countries.

They also asked a great many technical questions about the latest British and American aircraft, but since both of the R.A.F. men had been out of action for a time this was rather pointless. Some nasty phrases crept in—"imperialist agents . . . capitalist leaders . . . corrupt governments of the West. . ."

Zbishek was drawn, depressed. Despite all his care and vigilance—only once, in the heat of battle, had he lapsed into Polish—it looked as though he'd failed. He was convinced now that Russia would more or less annex Poland. He couldn't tolerate the idea of being sent to live under a Communist puppet government. He had a dream about going to start a new life in Canada or the U.S.A.

"WE'VE got to get away—at once," Tuck said, "even if it means taking a big chance." The big Pole rubbed his drawn cheeks and spoke softly, thoughtfully.

"If we're caught they'll call us 'deserters'—or they'll say that by running away we've proved that we're spies. As soon as we're missed they'll put their bloody N.K.V.D. on to us."

"If only we can get word to the Air Attaché in Moscow, then we'll be all right. What d'you say, Zbishek old boy? Shall we have a bash?"

Zbishek sighed and regarded Tuck with dull, unblinking eyes.

"Well, here we go again," he said.

They got away by climbing out of a window during a thick blizzard. For the first night and the whole of the following day they slugged eastwards through the swirling snow, and Zbishek's dysentery got worse.

They had no papers, and the Russians had check-points on all the railway stations and main roads. Zbishek was in his homeland now, but it had so changed that he was not sure that he could trust any of his countrymen. Poland had become a Communist state. They steered clear of towns so far as possible, and asked help from no one.

They had to pass through the town of Czenstowska. In the streets they realized they were being shadowed by a small, rat-faced man in a black leather coat and an enormous fur cap. They tried to shake him off by diving into the thickest crowds, and then doubling back through alleys, but it didn't work. Suddenly the little man quickened his pace, drew abreast and fell into step with them. Tuck expected to feel a pistol jab into his ribs and hear that dreaded word: "Papers!" What he did hear sent him reeling. "Wotcher, Guv!" said the little man. "Stanford Tuck, ain't it?"

Tuck staggered to a wall, leaned against it and took several deep breaths, then turned and regarded the stranger.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Dickinson's the name, Joe Dickinson. Don't suppose you've ever 'eard of me, but I was in 'the bag' along of your bruvver, Jack.

SCUTTLERS, SPEAR-GIRLS & BRIDGE BUSTERS

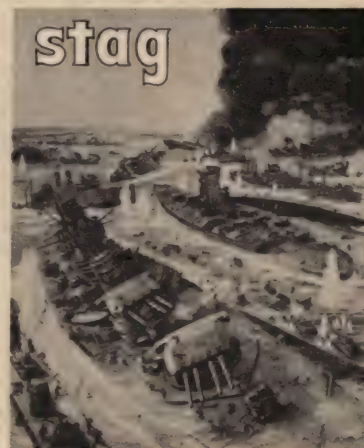
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We was nabbed together at Calais, matter-fack."

"But . . . but how did you——?"

"S'easy, Guv—Jack 'ad a picture of you, kept it by 'is bunk. Talked 'bout you all the time, old Jack did."

Tuck ran a hand through his thick, matted beard and glanced down at his filthy, tattered coat. He would have sworn that his own mother wouldn't have known him right now!

Zbishek began to laugh, high and shaky. "I don't believe this!" he gasped. "It's a mirage!"

There were people pushing past them, and here they were talking loudly in English. Russian uniforms and the new Polish Communist police mingled with the crowds. It was all like a daft dream. The little man lit two cigarettes and handed one to each of them. Tuck took a long drag. It only made his head spin more.

"GUV, I think you and your mate oughta come along 'ome with me. Pair of you look in a bad way."

"H-home?"

"S'right." He smiled broadly, linked arms with them and started on down the crowded street. "I've got it all taped 'ere, gents. Been 'ere—oh, must be two years now, ever since I got out the cage, see? Got me a big fat Polish girl, some cows and chickens. I 'ope this bleedin' war *never* ends!"

"What did you say your name was?" Tuck asked.

"Dickinson."

"Mr. Dickinson, I'm very pleased to meet you."

They stayed several days at Dickinson's little farm, and Mrs. Dickinson (Tuck called her that, though he had serious doubts about

the legality of their union) fed them on steaks and chicken, homemade bread and cakes. They put on a little weight.

"See wot I mean?" Dickinson said every time a meal was served. "Be no bloody victory for me if I 'ave to give all this up and go back to flippin' Poplar! Never live in a city again, not me. So when you get back, gents, mum's the word—I'm dead, see? I do you a favor, you do me one, eh? And lemme give you a tip—never mind them West End tarts, find yourself a girl that 'as a farm. Look to your old age, I always say. Man stays 'ungry for food a lot longer than for the other thing!" (As far as anyone knows, Dickinson is still there today, though his name appears on his regiment's roll of honor and on a London war memorial.)

DICKINSON even organized papers and railway tickets to the frontier, and supplied them with fresh clothes and money.

And so they came home.

Zbishek Kustrzynski—to become a British subject, and eventually to emigrate to Canada, where he now has a congenial job at a textile factory in the new boom-town of Cornwall, Ontario.

Bob Tuck—to Joyce. They were married by special license within a week.

She was waiting for him when he landed, smiling a small, very intimate smile. A tall, strong, straight-backed girl with agate eyes. They didn't speak until they'd got away from the reporters and the R.A.F. reception officers and she was driving him off in that same little Morris. Forgotten for now were war, the "kills" which had earned Tuck the D.S.O. and D.F.C. with two bars. . . .

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Nowhere, Robert. Nowhere, for a long while."

END

Your Thinning Hair

... will you do something about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used a home plan over the past 14 years to help solve this problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline receding, you are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few hairs fall every day, of course, and in normal growth their place is eventually taken by new hairs.

But when you discover many hairs in your comb, or when shampooing brings them out, that's "it"!

Generally you notice this hair-thinning about two years before your friends do, though they may be thoughtful and polite enough to keep quiet longer than that.

Eventually, however, they comment that "It looks like you have more 'fore-head' than a year or so ago." Now the problem has become full blown and...

You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes:

In the hair cycle we've already mentioned, the hair roots, or follicles as they are called, produce hairs, then rest, and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair, and balding, are caused in most cases because follicles do not resume their production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically described (underlining, and parenthetical phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed, leaving the follicle much shorter, and having a hair germ of undifferentiated cells (not of specialized form, character and function), which is the seed for the next



These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here.

generation of hair. When activity is set off again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb which then manufactures hair and the inner root sheath again." (When activity isn't set off again that's when hair thinning starts.)

"During its period of growth, a follicle produces hair to its fullest capacity and cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased hair production, then, can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

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* "With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that produce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."

(Technical quotations on this page are from "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers presented at the London conference on The Biology of Hair Growth as edited by Dr. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

will reach the area. All this is easily done at home, without expensive office calls.

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The Wild Baroness

Continued from page 37

loudly. When the man beside her tried to help her to her feet, she screamed at him and fell forward to lie face down on the floor, rolling a little from side to side, scratching at the wooden boards with her long, silver fingernails.

Then the beating of the drums ceased suddenly. The honey-skinned woman began to sing in a deep voice:

"Eh! Eh! Bomba, hen! hen!
Canga bafio, te,
Canga moune de le,
Canga do ki la,
Canga li."

As the third verse ended, the woman reached into a covered white basket that stood in front of the small altar and pulled out a black snake that was at least three feet long. (The purpose of the *canga* chant is to call forth the Devil; in the voodoo rite, the Devil may take the form of many beasts, but most often, he is a serpent.)

UNEASY mutters ran through the room as she wound the snake slowly around her neck and then began dancing in a way that made it very clear the snake was her partner.

Her body moved with breathtaking grace. She seemed able to control every inch of it, making the flesh on her legs tremble in long rippling lines from her ankles up to her hips. As she danced, the drummers picked up the rhythm of the *canga* chant and the men and women watching hummed and sang the chant, some clapping their hands or slapping their thighs in time to it.

As she began to move slowly around the circle, she let the snake unwind itself from about her neck. Finally she held it out in front of her, and, as she faced each of the spectators, offered each one the snake. Three refused, backing away slightly, and she laughed—a mocking, ugly laugh. The fourth person—a tall, very buxom blonde—reached out and placed her hands on the snake's back. The two women, each holding onto the snake, began moving back and forth slowly, one step back, one step forward. Then the honey-skinned woman shoved the snake up against the blonde's body. She screamed, but she did not turn from the writhing serpent; she held it close, sweat pouring from her flesh as the snake slithered across her shoulders and down her right arm.

One of the men grabbed the snake from the blonde and began dancing with it. Soon each of them had his or her turn with the snake and finally, one by one, they began crumbling to the floor, exhausted. As the drum continued and the honey-skinned woman placed the snake back in its white basket, hands reached across the floor to find other hands in the deepening shadows, to find other bodies in this nightmare of Hell they had all come to this strange house to purchase, paying too high a price even for pleasures the Devil has to sell.

It was after five A.M. on that morning of May 14, 1925, that 15 of the 16 participants

in that bizarre voodoo rite left the grey house at 21 Rue Boufess. The two drummers were asleep by that time in their room on the third floor of the house. The honey-skinned mistress—the notorious Baroness Kitti Maraini—as soon as she saw the last of her elegantly dressed guests to the door, returned to the lavishly furnished bedroom on the second floor. There she sat down in a maroon, velvet-covered chair beside the huge bed and watched her 16th guest of the evening stretched out half-naked in the deep, calm and bedeviled dream of the heroin addict.

The 16th guest was 35-year-old Victor Huselt, a vice-president of The Bank of France, a member of one of Paris' oldest and most respected families. He had been coming to the house of Kitti Maraini for more than two months. But this was the first time he had been admitted to the much-fabled bedroom of his hostess. This was also the first time the fibres of his flesh and brain had ever been lulled into that deadly limbo only heroin can induce.

When Huselt opened his eyes and saw her sitting beside the bed, her eyes fixed on him, he smiled weakly. He reached out to touch her, and when his hand did not quite reach as far as he thought it would, she came closer to the bed, took hold of his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"We will have many nights now," she said.

Huselt nodded vaguely. "My head . . ." he started to say.

She touched her fingers to his lips. "It will be perfectly all right, *petite lapan*," she said. "Next time, there will not even be this business of the head. I know how it is. Next time, you'll see. There will be only the very good feeling."

TWO days later, Victor Huselt spent another night in the bedroom of Kitti Maraini. They made love for a long time and then she brought out the needle and the tiny spoon in which the heroin was heated. Once again, at her gentle bidding, he fell back into the addict's dream.

In two months, Victor Huselt was a confirmed addict and Kitti Maraini was the only person in Paris he would dare go to for the precious drug, this food without which the addict goes through an agony that no man would choose even in preference to death, itself.

When, on the night of September 8th, 1925, the home of shipping magnate Honore Voulser was robbed of more than 100,000 francs in jewels and cash, no one in Paris would, for a moment, have even thought of suspecting anyone as well-known and respectable as Victor Huselt. Even Huselt, himself, as he sat in the bedroom of Kitti Maraini, could hardly believe that he had actually broken into the home of his old friend and robbed it of the cash the honey-skinned woman sat counting at her little Louis XIVth desk in a corner of the room.

Huselt's payment for this night's work was a two-months' supply of heroin. When he asked if she would give him more heroin as soon as this supply was used up, the voluptuous Baroness merely smiled and said, "My pretty little Victor, when that time comes, we shall see what else has to be done. Then you will do it. And then you will have more of your favorite candy."

Victor Huselt was but one victim of the most ruthless queens of crime Europe, or the world, has ever known.

Renowned French journalist Paul Detre was to write, after witnessing one of the Baroness's famous voodoo rites in July of 1927, "It was like being allowed to visit Hades. I saw Satan disguised as a naked woman and I saw that woman cast terrifying and revolting spells over creatures who had once been human. She could make both men and women do absolutely anything she wished."

Chief Surêté Inspector Gustave Buvelo told the newspaper *Paris Soir* on August 7th, 1928: "Kitti Maraini was the most merciless, the most vile and conscienceless criminal I have encountered in twenty-three years as a police officer. It is impossible to even estimate the number of men she turned into thieves and murderers, and the number of socially prominent women she turned into common whores."

IN his now classic study of French crime, *The Criminal In Our Time*, Samuel Kopit wrote: "In the Paris of the 1920s, colorful characters were as plentiful as hens in a barnyard. In cafés in Montmartre, Montparnasse, Les Halles, Pigalle, even along the Champs Elysées, one could find fake royalty, garret-starved poets, titled nymphomaniacs, chamber-pot novelists who would end up as mere pornographers, and hard-drinking newspapermen who might end up writing great novels; there were surrealists who thought nothing of escorting a nude model to the corner café for an absinthe, and there were Smith and Vassar girls from America who would live a year or two in a manner that might shock the most hardened Les Halles *poule* and then return to Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago to raise their respectable families and grow old at their bridge clubs and with their grandchildren on their worn-out knees. In the Paris of those days, the creed was PLEASURE AT ANY COST. All appetites were to be satisfied. Every hunger knew a new street for that night's party to explore. And the woman who exploited this PLEASURE AT ANY COST creed more than any other person of her time was a beautiful half-Haitian, half-French girl who called herself 'Baroness' Kitti Maraini. She was, without doubt, one of the most beautiful and astounding women of that time so filled with beautiful and astounding women. She was also, according to the most conservative police estimates, responsible for at least 70 murders and perhaps five times that many robberies, during the period 1921 to 1928."

"Baroness" Kitti Maraini did not set out, upon her arrival in Paris, to be the founder of a crime syndicate that would eventually operate throughout Europe. She did, however, set out to continue the luxurious life she had been introduced to briefly in Nice, before coming to Paris. And, from what

(Continued on page 56)

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she had seen on her native island of Haiti, she knew how she could accomplish this without difficulty.

But the story of Kitti Maraini does not begin in the raucous Paris of the 1920s. It goes back to a lush hillside on the island of Haiti where a small child often sat and listened to old women tell fantastic tales of ancient voodoo queens.

Born of a French father, Albert Maraini, and a Haitian mother, known only as Euphane, Kitti grew up on that tiny island where the jungle religions of Africa mixed with the church rites of the West to produce the exotic and often dangerous cult of voodoo.

KITTI was fond of telling stories of how she and her mother had often, behind her father's back, attended voodoo rites where white man and black man came to ask the Devil for favors God had refused to grant them.

The beautiful girl learned at a very early age both the pleasures and the powers of the flesh. By the time she was 16, sailors of all nations knew that if they were to attend the secret rites held in the hills above Leogane, several miles west of Port-au-Prince, they might be lucky enough to end up with the insatiably passionate little Kitti when the rites reached their frenzied climax and the dancing couples tore off each other's clothes and ran into the bushes and woods for the remainder of the night.

It was as a result of these rites that Kitti Maraini eventually left Haiti and journeyed to the France she had, since earliest childhood, so longed to see.

According to her own story, the journey was a result of a prayer she and her mother had made to the fabled voodoo queen, Marie Laveau, who had died in New Orleans in 1881. They both prayed that the child might one day visit the glittering city of Paris that had been the birthplace of her father. The result of that prayer, however, was much more than either woman had bargained for.

On the night of July 6th, 1913, Kitti and her mother left the three-room palm-frond shack to take part in a rite that was to be presided over by King Fronchaneu, from Les Cayea, at the other end of the island. As was his custom, Albert Maraini—who made his living trading rum and coral jewelry for such

goods as knives and cooking utensils—sat on the front porch with his bottle of 151 proof Demerara rum from Jamaica and his nightly cigar.

On this night, however, Albert Maraini did not remain on the quiet porch to drink and smoke until he fell asleep in the wicker chair. Giving his wife and daughter a half-hour's start, Maraini followed after them along the treacherous mountain paths that led to the wide clearing above Leogane.

Hiding himself behind two towering royal palm trees at the edge of the clearing, Maraini watched King Fronchaneu lead his followers through the usual voodoo chants, prayers and dances. He watched with a deep sense of revulsion. For years he had known that his wife and daughter attended these ceremonies regularly. But he had done nothing. He had, on several occasions, told his wife he did not want her taking their daughter to the voodoo places, but he knew she paid no attention to him in this matter. It was her religion; these were her gods. He would never convince her that they were not gods, but devils, that this was no religious ceremony, that it was no more than a common and disgusting excuse for an orgy.

Maraini watched as the dancers writhed to the rhythms of seven drums, as the towering shadows of their naked bodies plunged in and out of the deep jungle dark around him.

When King Fronchaneu, holding a headless rooster over his head, its blood pouring over his face and chest, gave a long, high-pitched cry, the dancers began screaming and couples paired off quickly, men ripping the tiny loin-clothes from their women, lifting them in their arms and racing into the jungle with them. Some did not even bother to seek privacy, and from his place in the brush, Maraini watched with disgust as their bodies joined with shameless abandon.

BUT Maraini did not watch for long. He had found his wife in the crowd while they were still dancing. He had kept his eyes on her as the couples paired off. He had seen a huge native lift her up, carry her off. He had fixed in his mind that place in the jungle dark where they had disappeared. And, after waiting a few moments, he proceeded toward that place.

Both of them were too lost in their ecstasy to notice him as he took from his belt a black-handled knife—the same knife that was used to cut the throat of a rooster at

every voodoo rite.

He stood over them in the dark for a moment, the knife in one hand. Then he knelt and before they had a chance to realize what was happening, he plunged the thin blade into his wife's throat. The native fell back in horror, a dry scream caught in his throat. Maraini grabbed him by the string of tooth-beads around his neck, yanked his head back, then drove the blade into his throat in the same manner.

Three weeks later, on July 29th, 1913, Monsieur Albert Maraini and his 16-year-old daughter stood on the deck of the French freighter *Beldone*, headed for Marseilles. The girl did not learn until four years later how her mother had died. And when she did learn of the murder, she made her father pay an even more horrible price than he had exacted from her mother.

Maraini and Kitti went immediately from Marseilles to Paris. There they settled in a two-room apartment at 10 Rue Sufflot. Maraini opened a piece goods shop but this venture failed in six months and Albert Maraini took to spending his days and nights filling himself with absinthe.

IT was following the failure of her father's business that Kitti began to work for various artists in the Latin Quarter. She had grown up in a land where neither men nor women were ashamed of their nakedness. It was not at all difficult for the 16-year-old to pose in the nude for any artist who would pay her.

It was not long before she was the most popular model in the Quarter. And it was not long before the girl came to realize that when she slept with any artist she posed for, he would pay her more.

Kitti Maraini continued to model in Paris for the next four years. Little is known of her during that period except for the paintings that remain and can still be admired in such places as The Museum of Modern Art in Paris and in the homes of some of the leading art collectors in Europe.

There are scattered mentions of her in the memoirs of various artists who were eventually to achieve fame. She was, according to those who remembered her in those years, fantastically beautiful, unscrupulous, passionate and ambitious.

Soje Hizakurige, the noted Japanese artist who was her lover for nearly six months during 1916, wrote of her: "She was the best model and the most carefully skilled mistress I have ever had. But she was the most terrifying woman I have ever known. One night in a café in Les Halles, I saw her actually set fire to the hair of a pretty little Dutch girl who was taking some of the male attention away from her. On another occasion, at a party in Clichy, she threw a cat out of a fifth floor window simply because one of the guests—a young writer—had made the statement that there can be beauty even in death. Kitti began laughing. She took up the cat that belonged to the hostess. She went to the window, threw the cat out, then turned to the romantic young gentleman and said, 'Go down into the street and see what a beautiful thing death is, little pigeon.'"

Following the Armistice in November, 1918, Paris was a party that went on all day and night. Wine, absinthe, champagne, cognac, whiskey, gin and plain grain alcohol ran as freely as the Seine. The war was over, the orgy was on.



Kitti began her personal part in this orgy with the murder of her father.

On the morning of November 20th, 1918, when she returned from a three-day-long party, Kitti found her father sitting in his straw rocker by the window, four empty absinthe bottles on the floor beside him, one half-full in his right hand.

As she entered the room, Maraini grinned slowly, his small eyes narrowing into a squint. He said, "So you have decided to come home, eh?"

Kitti had seen her father drunk like this many times before. She had heard his vile tongue. She had taken his beatings. But on this morning, he took a new turn with her.

"It was a very good party?" he asked her.

She went into the single bedroom and began to undress. She did not bother to answer him.

"Were the men good enough for you?"

Still, she did not answer.

The old man tried to get out of the chair, but fell back into it. Absinthe spilled over his legs. He took a long swallow from the bottle, tried once more to get up. This time he succeeded, making his way to the bedroom by holding onto chairs.

He stopped in the archway, leaning against the door as he watched his daughter step out of a black skirt. She wore only a slip beneath it.

"You have a body like your dear mother's," Maraini said. "And you use it as your dear mother did." He laughed coarsely. The girl put on a dressing gown over her slip, tied it at the waist.

"She needed every man, and it is the same with you, eh?" Maraini said. Then he lunged for the girl, trying to strike her with his right hand. But she reeled out of his way and he went sprawling across the bed, the bottle falling from his hand to the floor.

"Go to sleep," the girl said with contempt. She started for the other room where she slept on the narrow sofa each night she was home.

"Go to sleep," Maraini muttered. He rolled over on his back and began singing softly. "Go to sleep. Go to sleep. Of course. That is all that must be done. Go to sleep here. Go to sleep there. Go to sleep."

"Only I taught your dear mother the lesson she had to learn," he continued. "Yes! That was the lesson she had to learn. A woman who must have every man . . . there is a lesson to teach her."

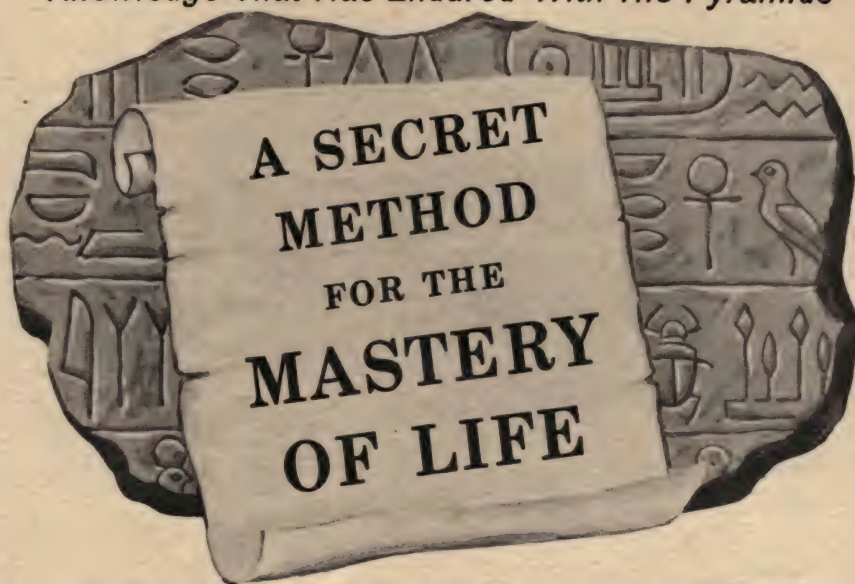
The girl stopped in the doorway. She had never heard her father speak in this way. He said, "A little knife makes a little hole in the neck. It takes someone with a little hole in their neck a very long time to die. Did you know that? Eh?" Then he shouted through his laughter, "Well, did you?"

Kitti turned slowly. She saw her father stretched out on his back. His unshaven face was an ugly mask of degeneracy. His eyes were empty, glazed. He could no longer control the muscles of his face and there were little twitchings about the eyes and mouth. His skin was thick, beginning to turn yellow.

She stood there for several moments, watching him, before coming closer to the bed. She said, "You killed her?"

He said, "Yes! Yes! I killed her. She was a woman who needed a lesson. Do you know what a lesson is? Do you? It is a little knife that makes a little hole. . . ." But his laughter this time cut into whatever other

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words he had to say, and he giggled softly.

Kitti went into the living room, took the poker from the fireplace. She returned to the bedroom and with one quick blow across the forehead, knocked the old man into a state of unconsciousness.

She then found three of his belts in the closet. With these and one of the heavy window sashes from the drapes in the living room, she tied his hands and feet to the four brass bed posts. She tied the second window sash around his neck and then around the bed posts so that it would only cut into his neck if he tried to move his head in any way.

She said, "You will see what a lesson is."

Then she went into the living room, closed the door and fell down upon the sofa where she lay crying for hours until she finally lost herself in a fitful sleep that did not last more than an hour.

The lesson Kitti Maraini taught her father was a torturous, diabolical one. It was the last lesson anyone would ever teach him.

She kept him tied to the bed until he starved to death. It took him five days to die. She did not leave the tiny apartment for a minute during that time. She wanted to witness each separate moment of his agony.

When he finally did die, Kitti untied him, replaced the belts in the closet, the sashes on the drapes in the living room. When the police found Albert Maraini he would be merely another drunkard who had died alone in his room. There would be no way for the police to know that this was a man who had died learning a lesson.

THAT afternoon, Kitti boarded a train for Marseilles. From there, she took a bus to Nice and it was in this gay Riviera resort city that she was to spend the next year of her life.

She worked briefly in Nice as an artist's model. But she was quick to see that the wealthy vacationers who bought the paintings she posed for could pay much more for her services than the artists who painted them.

She learned exactly how much more they could pay on the afternoon of January 27th, 1919. She was posing for the Italian artist, Giacomo Verle. Her pay: 4 francs a day. Her hours: from noon until as late as nine or ten in the evening, when Verle would paint by the light of 12 candles.

On that January afternoon, Kitti Maraini, completely nude, stood on the small platform in front of the three windows that faced north. As Verle was setting his colors down with great care upon the large canvas, muttering to himself as he painted, the door opened and one of Verle's best customers, Charles Beaucamp, entered. Dressed in a white linen suit, white shoes and a panama hat, Beaucamp, at 43, was the picture of the perfect dandy. He was heir to the Beaucamp shoe fortune and had spent the last 20 years of his life seeking out nothing but the pleasures of the earth. He was famous in cities throughout Europe and North Africa as a man who would pay any price for something—or someone—he wanted.

From the minute he set eyes on the slender model, Beaucamp knew how much he wanted her. He could not count the number of beautiful women in his life, but none of them had possessed the almost savage quality of this girl. Her beauty was the kind that

should be locked in a cage the way tigers and black, sleek leopards are.

Beaucamp sat on a dilapidated sofa in one corner of the large room. He watched but said nothing for a long time. Verle painted as though no one had entered; he was accustomed to his rich patrons coming in to sneak hungry glances at his nude models. Kitti did not look over at the visitor, but Beaucamp did not take his eyes off the girl for a second.

Finally Beaucamp said, "Verle, how much will you take for that picture when you're finished with it?"

Without turning, Verle said, "It is one of the finest things I have done."

"How much?" asked Beaucamp.

"Well . . . A thousand francs."

BEAUCAMP laughed heartily. "You enjoy quoting absurd prices."

"A thousand francs," the painter repeated.

"And how much will you take for the live subject?" Beaucamp asked.

"Ah!" Verle turned to see Beaucamp grinning at him. "Unfortunately, she is not mine to sell."

"Then what does the live subject say?" Beaucamp asked Kitti.

"Five thousand francs," she said.

Both men made half-groaning sounds of astonishment.

"She is much better at asking absurd prices than even I am," Verle said.

Beaucamp stood up. He took a large black wallet from his coat pocket and handed Verle two 500 franc notes. "For the picture," Beaucamp said. He walked over to Kitti. She made no move to cover her nakedness. "And for the live subject," Beaucamp said. He handed her 5,000 francs. "I am at the Hotel de Ville," he said. "Tonight?"

Kitti smiled slowly at him. "I will be there. At ten."

"At ten," said Beaucamp. He turned and left.

"You will do very well," Verle said to his model. "Very well, indeed!"

Kitti nodded. "How strange it is. It took me so long to find out how very easy it can be. With just this. . . ." And with a slight move of her hands she indicated the full length of her naked body. "With just this. . . ."

She was Beaucamp's mistress for nearly



six months. During this time he not only lavished every conceivable luxury on the girl, he also introduced her to his friends, to those men and women who made up the bright, blasé, pleasure-hungry caste known as International Café Society.

Kitti spent only another six months in Nice. She took numerous gentlemen of wealth and position as her lovers. She attended parties given by the richest, by the most famous and glamorous people in the world. She came to know men and women who, a few months before, had been only names and pictures in newspapers and magazines. They had been men and women who, so it had seemed, had every pleasure life has to offer at their fingertips.

Now, coming to know them, she saw them as people pathetically desperate in their constant search for new sensations. They took to every fad that came along. They thought up the most bizarre ideas to make the old parties seem new. They invented new, often absurd drinks, just to be rid of the old ones. They changed spouses and lovers with a regularity to make even the tides seem inconstant.

Kitti realized, almost from the very beginning, that these gold-plated hedonists could easily be exploited in the same way the voodoo doctors of Haiti exploited the sailors and tourists and even the villagers themselves. If a native would pay as much as a month's wages for a visit to Hell, surely these kings and queens of the world would pay fortunes.

IN April, 1920, Kitti returned to Paris. But now, decked out in furs and jewels and the most expensive gowns, she was "Baroness" Kitti Maraini. And with the social contacts she had made during her high-living year in Nice, she was able to move immediately into the most exclusive social circles in Paris.

A month after her arrival in the City of Lights, she purchased a three-story house at 21 Rue Bouffes, around the corner from Place Pigalle. There it was a simple matter for her to introduce Paris' high society to the forbidden pleasures of voodoo.

On the night of May 29th, 1920, she gave her first voodoo "party," inviting only 20 people—ten men and ten women. During the elaborate dinner that was served, the Baroness explained to her carefully selected guests the background of voodoo. She laid a special and a skillful emphasis on the sexual aspects of the ceremonies. And it came as no surprise to her when several of her guests suggested that she conduct a ceremony that very night.

In a matter of weeks word was all over Paris about the fabulous voodoo party that had been given by Baroness Kitti. Friends continually asked her to give another. But she told them that voodoo was not anything for parties. It was a most serious business; it was a religion.

As she had expected, Paris was filled with eager converts. And by September of that year, Kitti was presiding over at least three rites a week.

By the beginning of 1921, she had a sizable following among the wealthy Parisians. It was not at all difficult for her to get exorbitant amounts of money from her followers. These were no longer "voodoo parties"; they were religious rites, and a church must be supported.

Members of what came to be Baroness

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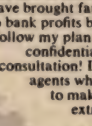
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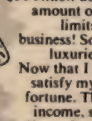
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Kitti Maraini's voodoo cult included many of the most wealthy and socially prominent men and women of Paris. Jaded by lives that had included all manner of sensual delight, they had at last found an outlet for a passion that was so savage in nature, it made the wildest orgies they had known little more than the almost innocently obscene pleasures of youth.

The Baroness was careful to introduce new and constantly more bizarre touches into her rites. And it was in introducing one of these that she came to see how easy it would be to not only extract huge amounts of money from her followers, but also how she would be able to force them to bring her undreamed-of sums that would one day enable her to live out the rest of her days as one of the wealthiest and most powerful women in all France.

In the beginning she plied her guests only with liquor. Soon, however, she offered them marijuana, and by the end of 1922, she had enticed at least 35 of her followers into taking heroin.

SHE was extremely careful in choosing a candidate for the deadly drug. But once a man or woman was selected, it was only a matter of weeks before the seductive Baroness had convinced him that the ecstasies he had so far experienced were nothing compared to what he would discover in the world that heroin would take him to.

Once a man or woman became a confirmed addict, Kitti used him in the identical manner she had used Victor Huselt.

All of her followers were important people. They had access to houses, bank vaults and stores that the common criminal would run enormous risks even to approach. Just as she

had forced Huselt to rob the home of his friend, so did she force her other addicts to commit every manner and size of robbery. And to satisfy her own psychopathic need for new thrills, she used many of her men as professional killers whom she hired out to the underworld, and many of her women as common prostitutes. The fact that she could so degrade these lords and ladies served to amuse her. The thought of a millionaire robbing a pastry shop could send her into convulsions of laughter. To see the wife of one of Paris' leading surgeons offering her body to truck drivers and butchers along the narrow streets of *Les Halles* could serve to amuse her for days on end.

And the end of Kitti Maraini's story was as bizarre as any part of it had been.

For years the Paris police had known of her voodoo parties. Newspapermen had wrangled invitations and had written articles about them. Surêté inspectors had even talked with her about her activities. But so powerful were her connections that Kitti was able to continue her activities. It took an act of her own to finally bring a disastrous curtain down on her world.

On the night of August 5th, 1928, the Baroness was holding another of her evenings. It was to be no different from hundreds of others. The guests included Charles Ernst, 46, a Belgian shipbuilder; Anne Carson, 22, heiress to the Carson oil fortune in Oklahoma; Gustave Butor, 34, one of Paris' leading jewel merchants; Nicole du Breil, 27, star of the Comédie Française; and Jean Bernano, 36, co-owner, with his brother Guy, of one of the largest munitions factories in Europe.

That evening began as all the others before it. The 24 participants were invited to



"Oh, alright, if you're going to make such an issue of it!"

spend from eight to nine P.M. in the large front living room where they drank the liquor of their choice. Marijuana and heroin were, as always, available for those who preferred them.

By 9 P.M., the guests were sufficiently warmed and relaxed to enter into the spirit of the evening. The Baroness, in a black satin dressing gown, bid them all to leave the clothing of their "other" world behind them. She would wait for them in the gigantic room in the rear of the house where the ceremonies were to take place.

In minutes her guests had stripped down to almost complete nudity. The men and women wore tiny loin cloths but no more.

As they entered the room where Kitti was waiting for them, they heard the soft, slow beat of the familiar drums. The room, hung in black velvet drapes, was as they had all seen it before. -

The difference on this night was that there were two long rows, from one end of the room to the other, of torches that stood at least seven feet in height. Their blue flames cast an eerie light against the black walls. The entire room seemed to be on fire and bodies soon shone with sweat so that they indeed looked like creatures who had spent at least the beginning of eternity burning in Hell.

As the men and women—all of them intoxicated in one way or another—took their places, Kitti emerged from behind the tall golden altar with two snakes wrapped around her neck, coiled across her chest and arms. One was completely black, the other completely white.

The beginning of her dance was slow. She

hardly seemed to move, taking tiny, sharp steps. Her hips gyrated slowly to the soft rhythms of the two drums.

After five minutes of this, the drums became louder, the rhythm increased. Kitti began to move back and forth in front of the tall torches. As she passed each one, she seemed to lunge toward it as though to throw either herself or one of the snakes against its blue flame.

AS she moved back and forth in this manner, the men and women watching her became infected with the rhythm and they began to sing bits of chants they had learned from her. They slapped thighs and bellies to play along with the two drummers. Some began squirming about on the floor, muttering obscene prayers and oaths. There was scattered, nervous laughter. One woman reached up and grabbed one of the snakes from Kitti. She cried out hysterically as the snake rushed to coil itself around her arm. Kitti giggled when the woman began to cry and tremble as the snake crawled over her sweating body.

Then Anne Carson, the American girl, jumped up, depraved enjoyment twisting her lovely face. She began to imitate the steps Kitti Maraini had been doing. But as she did, she toppled backward and knocked over one of the torches.

In a second, the room was filled with screams and flames and half-naked bodies rushing in blind panic to escape the fast-mounting inferno.

Of the 27 men and women gathered in that room on the night of August 5th, 1928, only three escaped alive. One of these, Eugene

Adhemar, member of the Paris *Bourse*, described what happened to Louis Frey of *Paris Soir*.

"In less than a minute, the room became a furnace," Adhemar wrote. "You could see nothing but flames. We went running hysterically into walls, searching for doors. There were no windows. Everybody was attempting to push the drapes aside, but they had all caught fire and as we grabbed at them, they fell down on top of us. I saw men and women become entangled in these burning drapes—twisting, fighting frantically to free themselves. But the more they fought, the more entangled they became.

"THEN there was the fighting among ourselves," Adhemar continued. "Why we fought, I do not know. But many of us were at each other's throats, as though each man thought he could save himself by destroying another. It was the purest, most awful madness I have ever seen. If, when I die, I go to Hell, I can be sure it will not be more terrible than that room was."

Kitti Maraini was one of the 24 persons to die in the flames. Newspapers all over Europe were filled the next day with accounts of her death. It took the Paris police many months to even estimate the number of crimes she and her followers were responsible for. No one, however, can even begin to estimate how many lives were destroyed or polluted by this ruthless woman who had a special secret: to the jaded of this world there is no pleasure resort, no secret palace of vice, no graveyard for the flesh and soul of a man—there is no place so tempting, so satisfying as Hell, itself. **END**

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Millett nodded soberly. "We're not running, Cockrell. We're going to blood our virgins. We're going up that hill and take 'em with cold steel."

Cockrell looked anxiously up the hill, but he knew better than to question Captain Millett. "Right, sir," he said. Then he slipped back through the hail of fire to his squad.

For Millett it was a crucial decision. He had drilled bayonet tactics into Company E by brute force. Their bayonets were razor sharp, and their moves were automatic. But there was a vast difference between fighting a dummy and charging across an exposed field against a hidden enemy. Well, Millett thought, they have to taste fear sometime.

"Skirmish lines," he bellowed. "Everybody watch me. We're going up." He broke from the inadequate cover of the tanks and began running, waving his arms with imperative gestures. E company came right behind him through the sparse undergrowth on the hillside. The Red fire intensified, machine guns ripping at the hillside, biting shale and muddy snow from the earth and slashing it into the air. Into the torrent of fire Millett slugged forward, turning his head from time to time to pull the men up after him by the sheer strength of his voice. "Move, move, move, you rockheads. There's nothing up there but Reds."

THEN the fire from the hilltop suddenly ceased. Even as he ran, Millett could see the Reds heaving themselves from their foxholes and turning tail down the opposite slope. He shook his fist in anger. "Stay and fight, you buggers. Stay and fight."

Lew Millett was something special in the way of a fighting man. Before he was finished he was to be a legend in Korea, a man whom the public knew nothing about, but whose name was spoken with awe by the GI's who had seen him fight. From South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, he was 30 when he was catapulted into the Korean police action. He was assigned to the 27th Regiment of the 24th Division, the famous Wolfhound Regiment, which, under the brilliant leadership of Col. John Michaelis, was to become the U.N. forces' Sunday punch. A raw-boned blonde, an even six feet tall and 170 pounds, Millett sported a hard-bitten manner and a pair of thick, sandy artillery mustaches which made him a recognizable figure wherever he went.

His assignment with the Wolfhounds, at the beginning, was as artillery liaison officer, doubling as forward observer. His greatest fame, however, was to come in another capacity.

Early in the war Millett took some Red shrapnel in his legs and was hospitalized. This didn't suit him at all. Leaving the hospital before his legs were fully healed, he trekked back to his outfit and joined the 8th Field Artillery. Since he couldn't walk very well, he was assigned as an aerial observer for the 105 batteries. His pilot was

Bayonets for Company E

Continued from page 35

Captain Jim Lawrence, a Pittsburgh boy. Lawrence flew a small, slow L-5 Stinson, sometimes logging a half-dozen two-hour missions a day.

They were on such a mission late one afternoon when an F-51 fighter began to circle the air above them and slowly arc toward the ground. They watched it go down, gathering speed and screaming toward a rice paddy, then abruptly level off and slam down on a frozen road alongside the paddy. The pilot got out, waved hopelessly at them, and leaned against the plane.

It was Red territory. "Let's go down, Jim," Millett said.

The second their plane stopped, Millett jumped out, limping on his stiff legs toward the pilot. He was Captain John Davis of the 27th South African Fighter Squadron. A North Korean civilian reached them at the same time, and said in English, "I show you secret way south."

Millett took Davis aside, and said, "I don't trust him." He jerked head toward the two-seater plane. "Better hop aboard. Lawrence will run you back."

"How the hell are you going to get out?" the pilot asked.

"I can take care of myself until Lawrence gets back. I won't be bored. I've got company here to amuse me."

Davis climbed into the Stinson and Lawrence took off. Then Millett sat down by the roadside to wait, carefully removing his .45 from his holster and resting it in his lap. He gestured to the North Korean. "Squat. I don't want you running off to tell your buddies what you've got for them. In fact, I don't even want you standing behind me."

The North Korean eyed the .45 then he sat and began to grin in a friendly manner. "Me show you secret way south. Me American friend."

"I'll bet," Millett said sourly.

The sun was sinking, and Millett knew that once it got dark, Lawrence would not be able to land. In that eventuality Millett could either sit and wait until morning, or he could try to walk out. He decided that, stiff legs and all, he would walk.

HE was just getting up when he heard shouts and the whanging of small arms fire. He swung around, leveling his pistol at the North Korean's head. "Down, buddy. And keep your damn mouth shut."

They lay still. At the other end of the paddy he saw the first movements of Red troops, coming through the paddy, perhaps a dozen of them. Obviously they had seen the F-51 land and were seeking the pilot. As yet they had not spotted him. Millett glanced at the North Korean beside him. His face was white and his mouth tense. Every moment or so he glanced at Millett anxiously, licking his lips.

Millett waited. Lawrence had been gone, as close as he could figure, an hour and a half. If he were coming it would have to

be soon, for the road was growing dark.

The Reds continued to advance, spread out through the paddy. Millett raised the pistol and fired twice. He knew he could not hit anything at the distance, but he figured it would stop the Reds for a moment and gain him a little time.

The Reds froze, searching, for the source of gunfire. Millett lay still and watched them. They began to come on again, firing their rifles aimlessly.

THEN one of them stopped and pointed directly at Millett. The Reds knelt and concentrated their fire at his position. Millett wormed his way as deep as he could into the frozen paddy, stretched his arm out before him, the butt of his heavy pistol resting on snow, and began to pick his targets.

The Reds were more accurate now, their slugs chopping into the icy surface around Millett, showering him with chips and flinging cold mud into his face.

All at once they rose up and charged, screaming wildly, bayonets flashing as they splashed across the paddy. Millett stayed flat, squeezing the trigger of the .45. One Red spun completely around, the top part of his head gone, and collapsed in the snow. They were only fifty yards away, charging fast.

At that moment the Stinson roared over the hills from the south. The Reds suddenly halted, paralyzed by the sound. As Jim Lawrence gunned down toward the road, the Reds broke and ran across the paddy. Here they flung themselves flat and, as Lawrence bounced the plane into the road, began firing at it. Millett leaped to his feet, ignoring the

twinge in his legs and the trembling North Korean civilian, and raced for the plane through the bullet-filled air. Then he was in, and the plane swept along the road and into the air.

When the C.O. spoke to Millett about the enormous risk he had taken, he shrugged it off. "It's all in the day's work," he said.

What happened next, however, was not all in the day's work—Lew Millett's, or anybody else's. Shortly after the incident in the rice paddy, Millett volunteered for front-line combat. He went to see Wolfhound Lt. Colonel Gordon Murch. "I've got some ideas," he said. "I want a line company to try them out on."

Murch grinned. "Haven't seen enough action yet, Millett?"

Millett smiled back. "I came to fight."

"Maybe I can give you Company E," the colonel said. And so Company E got a new captain.

THE Company had a good reputation. In 1918, during the Russian revolution, it had been stationed in Siberia, where it had once made a forced march of 51 miles in a day. In Korea, it had been commanded by the immortal Reginald Desiderio, who, just about the time Millett had been lying in the rice paddy, had earned himself a Congressional Medal of Honor—awarded posthumously.

Four days before Christmas, 1950, Captain Lewis Millett took over E Company. They were north of Injim, fighting toward the 38th parallel in a long, bitter retreat. Standing straight and stiff in the frightful cold, Millett inspected them. The first thing he said was, "Where the hell are your bayonets?"

"Not enough to go around, sir," somebody answered.

"Not enough?" Millett exploded. He turned to the supply sergeant. "I want every man in this outfit to have a bayonet. Requisition them if you can. If you can't, steal them. And if you can't steal them, go out into the hills and take 'em from the Reds."

THE supply sergeant got the bayonets. Millett called E Company for inspection again. "Let's see those pig-stickers," he snapped, walking down the line. The bayonets were unsheathed. Millett grabbed the nearest one, stared at it in mock astonishment. "What the hell is this, a loaf of French bread? You couldn't cut a bowl of soup with this, much less a Red spinal column. Sergeant!"

The bayonets were sharpened. Once more Millett inspected. This time what he had to say was short and to the point. "From now on, when Easy attacks bayonets will be fixed. Pretty soon you're going to use them on real Red meat."

Then he drilled them, drilled them in every stroke in the book and a dozen that weren't listed. He taught them how to rip out a man's groin in one thrust, how to cut a throat without getting blood on their hands. He ran them up hills full tilt, sweated them and drove them. One of the results was that the men began to call him Cap'n Easy.

All that remained for Millett was to find out what kind of fighters he had.

They were moving down from Injim, heading south, with instructions to inflict what damage they could on the Reds. Millett was looking for his opportunity to "blood his



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virgins." On February 3rd he thought he had his chance. But that was the day the Reds took one look at the charging American troops and fled without fighting.

For two days after they slugged on south, riding the tanks. Occasionally the Reds potted at them with harassing fire, but there was no serious fighting—until the third day.

Millett was leading them through a frozen rice paddy against a low ridge. Lt. John Hammond of the 3rd Platoon was with him. Millett was just saying, "Watch that ridge, Johnny," when his words were cut off by the distant *thwump* of a mortar. "Hit the dirt," Hammond yelled. E Company flung itself onto the frozen surface. The mortar blasted the ground 50 yards ahead of them, flinging ice water into the air. Then a machine gun opened up from the hilltop and the mortars came pouring in. Helpless and unprotected, the men fingernailed deeper into the ice and ground. Within three minutes the Reds had the range of the 1st Platoon.

"Jesus," Millett muttered. They could not lie there any longer. "Fix bayonets," he belatedly. "First Platoon, get the hell out of there." He glanced at Johnny Hammond. "There's some rock at the base of the hill. Get those poor bastards to it."

HAMMOND darted across the paddy, crouched low. Kicking and swearing, he got the platoon on their feet, stumbling toward the rock out-cropping.

Now Millett was on his feet. "Second Platoon, get up there on their flank. Let's go!" They moved, with Millett charging ahead of them. The Red fire was fierce. Frantically the 2nd Platoon twisted, dodged, and piled in with their buddies behind the rock.

Millett turned to Hammond. "Johnny, get the Third up on that hill back there. I'm going to take the rest of 'em up. Cover us as far as you can."

He gave the men five minutes to rest while Hammond got the 3rd Platoon back under cover. Then he ordered, "Okay you guys, we're going up."

The men looked sour; they had had enough for one day.

Millett's eyes narrowed. "We're going up, and we're going now. Let's roll!" He broke from the cover of the rock and began to run. Behind him the 1st and 2nd Platoons slipped out and began to charge. The Reds poured a murderous fire straight down on them.

From the hill to the rear, Johnny Hammond directed fire, banging at the hilltop with the BAR and M1s. He saw the thin line of men charging up the hillside waver and plunge on. He saw Millett gesturing wildly to the men behind him. Then the attacking platoons disappeared from sight. "Cease fire!" Hammond shouted. "We're liable to pot our own guys." Fearfully he watched and waited. Suddenly a single figure burst out against the skyline of the opposite hill. It was Millett. He turned and gestured again to the troops behind him. The Reds steamed out of their foxholes, leaving their equipment behind, and fled frantically down the opposite slope.

The day when the Reds would stay and fight was to come sooner than Millett expected. Millett did not know it, of course, and neither did the brass at regimental headquarters. There the clerk was typing up a recommendation for a Distinguished Service Cross for Lew Millett. As it happened, he was wasting his time.

Millett moved his men south again. For 24 hours nothing happened. Millett kept them moving. The company was now pointing for the entire I Corps down the road from Injim. By noon of February 7th they had reached a point where a triple-headed hill overlooked the road. On the maps it was called Hill 180. Millett halted the company and studied the situation. The knob of the hill nearest them was perhaps a hundred yards lower than the other two. It looked clean; but Millett was wary. He told Johnny Hammond: "Move your guys back there to that little rise." He pointed to a hump of ground to the rear.

Hammond nodded, and moved his platoon back. Millett began to ease the 1st and 2nd Platoons under the hills, riding on top of the tanks.

Back in the covering 3rd Platoon, Private Victor Cozares was scanning Hill 180 with binoculars. Something about the view bothered him, and suddenly he realized what it was. He grabbed Lt. Hammond's arm. "There's something screwy up there, sir," he said. "There's a hell of a lot of foliage on top of that hill."

Hammond snatched the binoculars from Cozares. "You're damn right there is," he said. He grabbed the SCR-536 and called Millett, who by now was easing along the road at the base of the mountain. "Watch it, Lew," he said. "There's a lot of brush on that hilltop. It doesn't look natural."

"Okay," Millett answered. "Stay put and hold your fire. Let 'em think we haven't caught on. Maybe they'll let us go through and wait for bigger fish." The tanks clanked on.

Hammond was preparing to give the order to hold fire when a Red showed himself on the hilltop. One of the 3rd Platoon GI's snapped off a shot.

It acted as a signal for all hell to break loose. The Reds, now that their ambush was discovered, began to pour a torrent of fire into the troops caught on the road below. They dove off the tanks and fled for the shelter of a small paddy dike by the roadside. The tanks turned and plunged off the road as the 3rd Platoon opened up.

But its fire was pitifully inadequate. Along with a number of automatic weapons, the Reds had a "Buffalo" anti-tank gun. Their withering fire cut into the two pinned platoons.

NOW Millett moved in the only direction he could—straight up into the fire. Running full speed, he leaped onto the nearest tank, shoved the gunner away from the .50 calibre, and began blasting away at the hillside. "Keep it going there," he hollered. "I want you to scorch that hill." Then he dropped down from the tank and tore through the pounding enemy fire to the dike where the 1st Platoon waited. "Let's go!" he screamed. "We're going straight up that hill. Fix bayonets, by God. Everyone goes with me."

He headed for the base of the hill where there was another bit of shelter. The men plunged after him across the road through the murderous fire. And at that point Red grenades began to slam into the area they had just left. The men who had moved too slowly died there.

They reached the protected base of the hill and Millett called a rest while he considered the situation. The lowest of the three knobby heads on the hill was above him and

slightly to the right. If he could get up there, he'd be able to hit the Reds on the other two knobs of the ridge from the flank. "Okay, let's go," he said. Without hesitating, he sprang into the open and up the hillside. Within seconds he spotted a machine-gun nest 50 yards to his right. He yelled to BAR man, Private Ray Velarde, "Hit him." he said.

AS Velarde blasted the gun emplacement to bits Millett began running upward again, with the platoon right behind. They spotted another machine gun. Millett simply dropped to one knee and triggered the M1 he was carrying. Two men melted into the foxhole, screaming in high pitched voices. Millett straightened and heaved a grenade. Two lifeless Reds sailed over the rim of the fox-hole.

Millett halted and ordered the 3rd Platoon up from the rear. Sliding on their tails down the sheet of ice covering the low hill, the 3rd took up positions on the lower knob. Above and to the side, Red gunners were attempting to zero in on E Company, but because of the formation of the rocks they could not get a good bead on the men behind the lower knob.

"Okay," Millett said. "Attack straight up." Once again he broke out into the open, Company E right with him.

The Reds began rolling clusters of grenades down on them. Millett turned and twisted as he and his men drove forward. He did not notice the Red Buffalo gun until he was nearly on top of it. When he did he automatically jerked a grenade from his belt and flung it at the gun. The two Reds man-

ning it turned and stumbled up the hill. Millett got them both with his M1.

He charged on, counting the grenades he had dodged. He got by eight; but not the ninth. It exploded behind him, the shrapnel biting into his legs. He felt the sharp sting of the metal shredding his flesh, and the warm rush of blood on his skin, but he did not go down.

He realized, however, that they could not go straight up. They would have to circle. He turned aside and leaped into a small gulley, halfway up the hill. E Company ducked in after him, exhausted from the rough going. The Reds continued to pour down grenades, aiming for the gulley. And their machine guns roared steadily.

Captain Lew Millett realized that this was the time the Reds would stay and fight; now was the time to blood his troops. "Let's go!" he screamed. "Grenades and cold steel!"

Up the hill he went, blood spouting from a dozen places in his legs. He glanced back: E Company was hesitating in the ditch, terrified by the storm of lead pouring down the hillside. Millett exploded. "Come on up here, you sons of bitches! Come on up here and fight." Then he barreled up the hill, screaming and cursing in a wild frenzy. E Company was astonished: they had never heard their captain spout such obscenity. Like untamed savages they slammed up out of the gulley, shouting hoarsely and thundering to catch up with him, their bayonets at the ready.

MILLETT ran on, smack into a V-shaped machine-gun position. He was yards ahead of his men, but he ran straight into the

gun, flinging grenades. Still alone, he plunged into the position, his bayonet hungry for the kill. He jammed it into the face of the first Red so deep that he had to fire to pry it loose from the man's skull. Without loss of motion, he swiveled and ripped the throat of the next man, then shoved the steel deep into the chest of the last Red gunner.

AS the Commie screamed his agony, E Company roared over the top into the enemy line. Cursing insanely they slashed and sliced in a frenzy, ripping the Reds to pieces with their blood-stained bayonets. Babbling in fear, the Reds dodged and twisted, but the GIs had waited too long for this moment. In a raging, swirling mob they crushed the enemy, and when the surviving Reds—broken by fear and death—finally stampeded down the hillside, they left 47 Commie corpses, 30 killed by bayonet. The company chased them part-way down the hill and got another 15 before Millett called them back. They had done enough work for one day. Incredibly, they had suffered only 9 casualties. It was a great day for Cap'n Easy and his boys.

Back at HQ they were tearing up the DSC recommendation for Millett, certain that nothing short of the Congressional Medal of Honor would do. They were right. The charge of Lew Millett and E Company will remain one of the brightest spots in the history of American wartime bravery. The military historian Brig. General S. L. A. Marshall called it "the greatest bayonet attack by U.S. soldiers since Cold Harbor in the Civil War."

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face. He grasped the German rifle securely.

For a long minute the only sound was the hollow smack of their boots against the loose planking. When the distance between them was down to about fifteen yards, the soldier called out in a friendly tone. Boyce's grasp of German was fair. The man had run out of matches, was dying for a smoke.

It gave Boyce the excuse for stopping. Dipping his hand into a side pocket, his fingers closed over a small box of wooden safety matches. Meanwhile, with a hitching motion, he slid the rifle sling off his right shoulder.

Boyce's head was down as the German reached him. Holding out his hand, he let the matches fall. It seemed accidental enough, and the German stooped to retrieve them. Boyce swung the rifle butt hard. The shattering blow caught the soldier at the base of his neck. He collapsed on his face, slid forward.

TEN minutes later Boyce and Armand scrambled down the short flight of iron steps to where the girl waited. They moved swiftly to three bikes standing against trees at the edge of the woods. Soon they were wheeling down a country lane, heading west.

It wasn't quite 8:30 when the 26-car freight train, loaded with German munitions for the Normandy sector, approached the bridge. The sensitive proximity fuses, operating off special batteries, relayed their pulses to the detonating equipment as the hurtling locomotive raced on. Both clusters of dynamite went off almost simultaneously, spewing tracks and wreckage in all directions. The rasping, metallic cry of the locomotive's brakes followed, but it was too late. It plunged through the ragged gap, dragging the other cars with it. Explosion followed explosion, on and on, seemingly without end.

The train wreck caused severe repercussions in Paris. General von Choltitz, the city's gauleiter, met with German staff officers the following day in their plush *Kommandantur* at the Hotel Meurice. The accelerated acts of sabotage in the Paris and Normandy sectors were discussed in great detail. Berlin was breathing heavily down the back of von Choltitz, and the commandant was in no mood to pamper his subordinates. S.S. Colonel Kurt Scholl of the security police caught most of the tongue-lashing.

At that moment, a meeting with an exact opposite viewpoint was in progress elsewhere in the French capital, in surroundings far different from the Hotel Meurice. In the basement of a funeral parlor in the Gare Montparnasse district of Paris, key members of the local F.F.I. (French Forces of the Interior) listened intently to the broad-shouldered man who addressed them in fluent, American-accented French.

The speaker, dressed in civilian clothes, was 31-year-old Major Robert Boyce of U.S. Army Intelligence. He was American liaison officer in what the experts regard as

Blonde Bait

Continued from page 15

World War II's principal underground operation.

In the spring of '44, "Operation Overlord," the Allied invasion through northern France, was in its final stages of preparation. One phase, and a key one, called for intensive aerial bombing of northern France.

It was agreed that during the three-month period preceding D-Day, some 66,000 tons of bombs would have to be dropped on 93 key railway centers feeding the Normandy sector. The purpose was to create a "railway desert" around German troops stationed in the proposed invasion zone. At the same time, F.F.I. personnel, such as the two who had worked with Boyce on the bridge, were urged to step up their sabotage activities against all rolling stock in the critical area.

The "railway plan," as it came to be known, had the blessing of Churchill, Eisenhower and President Roosevelt.

Major Boyce's appointment as one of several liaison officers to work with the F.F.I. was reached after a thoughtful screening of many applicants considered for the assignments. Boyce came closest to the perfect choice. Having spent three years before the war doing post-graduate work at the Sorbonne, Boyce spoke fluent French, and had also spent two summers on walking tours through the Normandy region. Besides this familiarity with the area relating to his mission, Boyce's sympathetic attitude toward France and French problems was considered most important.

Accordingly, because of this background, plus his special skills, Boyce was air-dropped into France in the last week of February, 1944.

Boyce's speech to the assembled resistance fighters stressed one point: The blowing of the bridge would mean greater reprisals on the part of the Nazis. Despite this, however, Mantes was to be the signal for an even greater series of blows against the enemy.

"Our next move will be against the railroad terminals," he pointed out. "Especially those with concentrated build-ups of supplies and rolling stock." Dipping inside his jacket pocket, he came up with a sheet of paper. "I have a list with the names of potential target sites assigned to our unit. Together, we will work out the plans."

THREE of the prime terminals were nearby: Mortagne, Argentan and Alençon. The young dynamiter, Armand Puy, was assigned with two others to check Argentan, reputed to be choked with supplies. Two others were assigned to inspect Mortagne, and another pair was given the secondary target of Flers.

Boyce agreed to have a go at Alençon. He had some familiarity with the region, but he would still need a guide. The girl, Annette Lautreppe, promptly volunteered to go with him. Annette knew the section well; she had many cousins in nearby Belleme and had visited the area many times.

"There are others who know the Alençon

district," Armand said to her. "It need not be you."

"That may be so," she answered evenly, "but I know the area as well as any other, perhaps better. In any case, it is for me to decide, Armand, not you."

He stood silently for several seconds, started to say something, then changed his mind. Giving Boyce a cold look, he joined some of the others who were on the way out.

"I apologize for Armand," Annette said. "It was not fair to you or me."

Boyce had no intention of getting into the middle of what could easily be a touchy situation. The best thing, he figured, was to change the subject.

"What about transportation to Alençon?" he asked. "Can something be arranged?"

She followed his tack smoothly. "There is a wholesaler who has done us favors before. We can go see him now."

They headed west, avoiding the main boulevards. Occasionally they passed strolling German soldiers, who never missed giving Annette the eye.

"I despise them," she remarked when a Nazi lance corporal at a sidewalk café ogled her from head to toe. "I despise their smugness, their stares, the thoughts behind them."

At the Tuileries they turned left and were soon approaching the Halles, the city's huge produce market. The sheds were deserted when they arrived, the market rush still hours off. Stopping at one of the stalls, Annette rapped loudly against the shuttered metal door.

It was opened by the wholesaler, Ribaud, a round-faced man in his early 50s. He recognized Annette immediately and waved both of them in. After introducing Boyce, she brought up the matter of transportation to Alençon.

"Why not?" Ribaud replied without hesitation. "If the American is ready to risk his life for France I would be a poor Frenchman not to offer what little I can. Besides," he added, "I have to be at Sees tomorrow for a truckload of greens, and I pass Alençon on the way. We can go right after the morning rush, around seven."

By 7:30 the following morning they were on their way. Boyce and the girl were inside the van along with their bicycles, hidden behind large bales of burlap sacking. Twice they stopped at inspection points—once when leaving the city, a second time on the road just outside of Cartres. In each instance the soldiers waved Ribaud on with only a brief look at the cab.

They reached the outskirts of Alençon a little past noon. After Ribaud had helped them with their bikes and packs, he asked, "What about transportation back?"

"That will be arranged," Annette replied. Ribaud grunted, climbed into the cab, and drove off.

Mounting their bikes, Boyce and the girl started up. He carried a forged identity card with a photo of himself in civilian clothes, and in case of trouble he had a simple cover story ready. His identity card listed his occupation as a farm worker; like many others, with the coming of spring, it was typical to look for employment in the Normandy farm area.

Annette's identity card, also forged, bore the same assumed surname as Boyce's; they were posing as man and wife.

Skirting around Alençon, they passed the

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railroad yards. About two miles further up, along a barren stretch of empty lots filled with heaps of burnt rubbish, they spotted an abandoned shack constructed of packing crates and odd pieces of lumber. The roof, a double sheet of rusted corrugated metal, sagged at a steep angle. With six hours to kill, it would serve them well enough till dusk.

They made themselves as comfortable as possible. With his back propped against a carton, Boyce checked his .45 Army Colt while Annette produced sandwiches and a small bottle of wine from one of the packs. They ate slowly, chatting about pre-war times, and the hours slipped by. As dusk approached, the American felt that he had known the girl a long time.

It was close to six when Boyce slipped grease-stained coveralls over his regular clothes. Looking like any other railroad worker with a grease cloth stuffed into his back pocket and a long-nozzled oilcan in one hand, he was just about ready.

He was going in alone. If he failed to return, Annette was to report back to Paris. She followed him outside to the rear of the shed where they had put their bikes.

"Be careful," she said.

"I'll try," he said, smiling.

He pedaled out to the road and glanced back. It was too dark to see if she were still outside or had re-entered the shack. In about fifteen minutes he neared the yards. A partial moon had risen and, as he drew closer, he spotted the network of glistening tracks, the loading areas spaced between.

Entering the yard was no problem. At various intervals there were gaps in the sagging wire fence which the Germans saw no reason to repair. Wheeling the bike through one of the openings, he laid it on its side, then scrambled down the slope.

On reaching the freight cars, he proceeded at a slow, almost casual pace, the oilcan grasped in his right hand. Occasionally he'd stoop alongside one of the cars and go through the motion of oiling. Then he tensed at the crunch of approaching boots. Two rifle-carrying German soldiers were walking his way. Boyce turned his back and tinkered with the oilcan.

THEY stopped a few feet behind him. One of them called out in German. Boyce turned and answered with a torrent of French. The two confused Germans exchanged glances, laughed and strolled on. Boyce chuckled and went back to work.

He finally arrived at one of the loading areas where huge crates were piled in double-stacked rows. From their general shape, Boyce correctly assumed them to be fighter engines; either 109's or FW 190's.

He moved on to the end of the loading platforms and crossed over to the adjoining track. His eyes widened: strung out on a long row of flatcars was an endless string of massive Tiger tanks. Farther on he passed anti-aircraft guns, their long barrels canted skywards under weather-stained tarps.

Boyce had seen enough. He headed back in the direction from which he had come.

There wasn't much farther to go, about another 20 yards, and he'd be on the way out. Suddenly he stopped: a broad-shouldered soldier was coming his way.

The major faced a loaded coal car nearby and resumed the oilcan routine. Stooping, he squirted at the wheels, rattled the brake box.

The soldier halted a few feet away.

"Come here," the German commanded.

Boyce straightened, shuffled forward to about a yard from the soldier.

The Nazi's bullet-shaped head was thrust forward, the dark eyes darting suspiciously. Boyce rattled off some French, hoping it would throw the German off. It didn't. With a quick movement the soldier reached out, ran his hands along Boyce's sides. As his fingers touched the .45, Boyce swung his oilcan.

An underhanded, slashing blow, it caught the German full in the face. He reeled back, blood pouring from his nose and mouth, and Boyce leaped on him. They went down together. Boyce chopped at the Nazi's neck, strangling the cry that rose from his throat.

GRIPPING the limp form by the lapels, Boyce glanced about. The clang of a distant bell floated toward him. The shaded beam of an oncoming train glowed along the adjoining track. Boyce grasped the bulky figure under the arms, dragged it to the track, and let it fall. The train chugged on and over the Nazi as Boyce disappeared in the night.

Annette was waiting when he dismounted behind the shack. She rushed forward and embraced him tightly, her slender body trembling.

"I was frightened," she said falteringly. "I imagined the worst."

He squeezed her shoulders, then gently eased her from him. "We still have a ride ahead of us."

"Yes," she said, her eyes bright with tears of happiness.

They reached Sees shortly before dawn. Here they contacted a resistance wireless operator, one of several who formed a communication chain extending up to Cherbourg. The information regarding the Alençon yards was flashed along until it reached London.

Boyce and Annette went on to one of her cousins, a baker on the outskirts of town. After a meal and several hours' rest they were ready to return to Paris. Annette's cousin arranged everything. At dusk they were picked up by a truck carrying a load of flour drums to a Paris distributor. At a little past ten they were let off at Porte St. Denis. The city was dark and silent.

Boyce wanted to go on to the funeral parlor in the Gare Montparnasse district, his



headquarters in Paris, but Annette wouldn't have it.

"You will come to my place," she insisted. "It is much closer. There will be less chance of running into a German patrol."

It was cold logic and Boyce didn't argue the point. The night patrols had been more active of late, and though Boyce had papers and stories to fit different situations, it was a risk he'd just as soon avoid.

Once inside her flat on Rue Rameau, Annette put up coffee. They had it on the sofa, sipping it slowly as they talked. Boyce mentioned the young dynamiter. The day before, whatever was between Armand and the girl hadn't mattered to Boyce. Now he was frankly curious.

"Armand is quite wonderful," she admitted. "He has courage, intelligence and a dedicated spirit. He also loves me," she added, her eyes avoiding Boyce's. "That is what makes it difficult, since I cannot respond in kind—" Breaking off, she picked up the empty dishes, went out to the kitchen.

Boyce had stretched out on the sofa by the time she returned. "I'll do fine here," he said.

SHE went off into the bedroom, returned with a blanket and a pillow. When she went back to the bedroom he turned off the light and opened the blackout curtains.

Spread out before him were the rooftops of the city, as far as he could see. He continued to stare for some minutes, thinking random thoughts, until he heard the slight rustling sound from behind. Annette stood in the doorway just off the foyer. When he said nothing, she joined him at the window.

"It is true I asked you here because I was afraid of the patrols," she said slowly. "It is also true that that is not the *only* reason I asked you. . . ."

When he put his hands on her shoulders she leaned against him, her body trembling under the thin robe. Then her arms went around his neck in a tight embrace. . . .

Annette was already up when Boyce awoke. She looked radiantly fresh, her eyes sparkling with good humor. "Sleepy-head," she chided him.

Boyce grinned. He dressed quickly and joined her in the front room. The coffee was already poured. He sat down and was about to say something, but she leaned across the table to put her fingers to his lips.

"Don't speak," she whispered.

The following night, on the basis of Boyce's report, the yards at Alençon were heavily bombed by two waves of B-17s.

During the weeks that followed, other rail terminals in Boyce's sector received similar pastings. And the pattern was repeated throughout the vital northern areas, as other F.F.I. units maintained round-the-clock surveillance on all rolling stock and key rail centers.

The price for these successes, however, came high. Beside the loss in civilian lives, due to the heavy bombings, there were other losses—by the beginning of May a substantial number of F.F.I. personnel had fallen into German hands. Among these, two of Boyce's group were picked up while spying at the Evreux yards.

Understandably, German counter-intelligence interpreted the bombings as a prelude to something bigger. They also knew that the bombings, timed to hit when the yards were loaded with supplies, could be achieved

only through information supplied by the F.F.I. Thus, the German secret police had become extremely vigilant, and in many instances were aided by French collaborators.

Still, despite this increasingly tense situation, the "railway plan" went forward. On May 8, Boyce held a meeting with Colonel Romain, General de Gaulle's special representative with the Paris F.F.I. They met in the city's secret headquarters, a bone-littered catacomb beneath the *Place Denfert-Rochereau*.

As a result of this meeting, Boyce was to have a go at the Beauvais yards, a key rail terminal some 80 miles north of Paris. The American decided to take Armand with him. The young dynamiter was also an experienced radio operator, and Boyce would need someone to work the portable transmitter.

By now, Armand either knew or suspected Boyce's relationship with Annette, but had showed nothing—until Boyce made his request. "Are you sure you want *me*?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," Boyce replied. "We have a common cause. We have worked well together before; we can do so again."

Before leaving the following evening, Boyce told Annette the location of their hideout in Beauvais—a small flat above an empty, pre-war Renault agency not far from the yards.

His instructions were crisply final. "Don't make any attempt to contact us unless you believe it extremely urgent."

The produce wholesaler, Ribaud, once again provided the necessary transportation, taking Boyce and Armand, with their equipment, to the agency.

As soon as they entered the flat, Armand began setting up the radio equipment, and Boyce took a pair of powerful night binoculars from his jacket pocket and went to one of the windows. The vigil was on.

The railroad yard, about a quarter-mile distant, bristled with activity. Throughout the night and into the morning, long lines of freight cars arrived. Boyce caught some sleep during the afternoon, and at about nine he put on his greasy coveralls and made an on-the-spot check of the yards. The amount of supplies exceeded what he had found at Alençon. Some of the cars, although he had no way of knowing, were filled with crated V-2 rockets bound for northern launching sites.

BOYCE returned to the hideout and Armand sent the news to a London listening-post. Two hours later they had London's reply requesting continued surveillance of the yards through the next 36 hours, the purpose being to determine a target priority in terms of the bombing schedule.

The build-up continued, with two large truck convoys arriving that night and another in the morning. Soon afterward, Armand made a daylight check on the yards.

When he returned about two hours later, he reported the arrival of additional rolling stock, with huge piles of supplies filling the yard's storage pens to overflowing. At this time another contact was made with London. The instructions were the same as the first—"Continue surveillance."

Late in the afternoon a low knock came at the door. Armand stopped tinkering with his equipment as Boyce moved to the door. The low knock was repeated.

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"Hurry," a woman's voice said. "It is me, Annette."

Boyce turned the key, threw open the door.

She hesitated for a moment in the doorway, then rushed into Boyce's arms. Armand turned away momentarily, but turned back as she explained why she had come. Things had suddenly taken a rough turn. A series of raids by the German secret police had netted a number of F.F.I. people from the Paris sector, including two from their own unit. Frightened that they might talk under the Gestapo's torture tactics, perhaps even reveal Boyce's operation, she had made the trip by train.

BOYCE was concerned but he discounted the possibility of the Gestapo tracking them to Beauvais. Other than Colonel Romain and two other high-placed F.F.I. officials, the only others who knew of their hideout were Annette and Ribaud.

Boyce glanced at his watch. In ten minutes their London contact would be calling. He wrote a message and handed it to Armand. The Frenchman read it, started to say something, then changed his mind. Soon afterwards he was in touch with London.

"What now?" Annette asked.

"Ribaud is due to pick us up sometime tonight. By then our work will be through. Just what happens when we return to Paris remains to be seen."

At a little past nine they heard the light rattle of the front door knob.

"Ribaud," Boyce said.

Just then there was a loud splintering sound. In the next moment the door burst in on its hinges. Boyce charged toward the door, pulling free the Colt in his belt. A piece of equipment on the floor tripped him up. As he sprawled sideways he heard Annette's cry from behind, barely glimpsed the shadowy figure, the upraised rifle butt. He swung his head, but not in time. The blow caught him alongside the jaw. His last impression was of the floor hitting him in the face.

He came to on the cot to find Annette kneeling beside him. When he attempted to get up, she restrained him gently.

"No use," she said. "It's all over."

A Nazi corporal, a machine gun balanced across his arm, stood at the foot of the bed. Another Nazi guarded the door.

"Someone informed on Ribaud," she went on. "The Gestapo got to him, learned everything."

She glanced at the other end of the room. Boyce followed her gaze to where Armand sat before the portable equipment. Flanking him was another soldier, and a short man in a dark trenchcoat, the barrel of his Luger pressed against the Frenchman's head.

"They made Armand call London," she went on. "Forced him to report that Beauvais should be scratched, that the freight and rolling stock have cleared the yards." She paused. "They are expecting London's reply now."

A crackling sound came from the equipment. The man in the trenchcoat stooped, his ear pressed against Armand's headset. When it went silent he grunted and straightened up.

"No bombing," he said with satisfaction in heavily accented French. "It is called off."

He snapped an order to the soldier, who shattered the transmitter with his rifle.

Five minutes later they were ready to leave. As the soldier with the machine gun hauled Boyce to his feet, the room began to tremble from the shaking roar of approaching bombers. The Gestapo agent's features registered stunned disbelief. Dashing to the window, he drew aside the curtain to see flashes of anti-aircraft fire against the horizon.

"Impossible!" he cried. "The message. I heard—"

"No," Boyce interrupted in a calm voice. "I didn't think you'd get to us," he went on, "but this afternoon I took the precaution of telling London to proceed with the bombing as planned. To put no trust in any message that followed."

The drone of the engines filled the room as the Luger swung in Boyce's direction. Annette tried to block Boyce's body with her own, but he swept her aside. The first shot tore past Boyce's head as he lunged, catching the machine-gun armed German soldier below the knees.

His machine gun went spinning across the room. As Boyce pounced on the soldier, the enraged Gestapo agent began firing point-blank at them thrashing about on the floor. Boyce felt the German's body go limp against him, then something smashed into his own back. Staggering to his knees, he was struck again in the chest.

Suddenly the rapid burst of gunfire came from the opposite side of the room. The Gestapo agent and the remaining two soldiers crumpled to the floor. Before Boyce collapsed, he caught a glimpse of Armand pointing the blazing machine gun at the sprawled Germans, his face dead white as he ceaselessly emptied the clip into their shattered bodies.

Boyce died in Annette's arms before the first bombs fell. His final words were to Armand. "Get her out of here," he choked. "Take care of her. . . ."

IT took all of Armand's strength to drag her from the flat. He was leading her from the building when it was struck by a cluster of incendiaries, which turned it into a tinder box.

Armand and Annette returned to Paris that same week. They reported the circumstances of Boyce's death to F.F.I. officials, who in turn notified London. Three months later, after the invasion of Normandy, Armand was killed by a sniper's bullet during the liberation of Paris.

With Annette Lautreppe, like many another resistance fighter, the difficult adjustment to a normal life began with the end of hostilities. In an interview with Captain Franklin Corning of the U.S. Graves Commission Bureau in 1946, during which time she verified the manner and date of Boyce's death, she listed her own occupation as that of a secondary school teacher in a girl's school. Her marital status at the time was single.

The "railway plan," and the part it played in Germany's final defeat, has been summed up this way in Winston Churchill's war memoirs: "... the sealing off of the Normandy battlefield from reinforcement by rail may well have been the greatest direct contribution to Overlord. For this achievement the price was paid."

It was paid, indeed. With men like Major Robert Boyce, and many others after him, paying the highest price of all.

END



Albert Anastasia-Mobster!

Continued from page 17

we'll straighten everything out," Anastasia sent them word. They ignored the invitation, so Albert went on a scouting expedition. He hung around that Bergen Street address and observed that on a number of occasions a heavily-veiled female attired in black gained admittance by knocking on a basement window. Albert sent for three of his boys, Harry "Happy" Maione, Martin "Bugsy" Goldstein and Vito Gurino.

"I got a special job for you guys. Couple of union crumbs liable to make trouble for us. Gotta dust 'em off," Anastasia told them while furnishing names, addresses and other details.

"How we gonna get in there if they got barred windows and an iron gate?" Maione asked.

"It'll be easy, but we gotta wait for the right night. Just be on tap this week. I'll call you. Now pick up them things I told you about."

ANASTASIA kept his nightly vigil on Bergen Street, and when February 6th turned dank and foggy in the evening hours, he went to work. Frank Abbando, a mobster with a penchant for baseball, was summoned.

"Frank, get a couple of rocks and knock out that street light," he ordered Abbando. When the light, directly across from the Siciliano-Lattoro apartment, had been shattered and a deeper darkness had settled upon the scene, Albert said, "Now call Happy and tell him to hurry over here."

In due time Maione arrived in a stolen car which stopped at the corner. Gurino and Goldstein were with him.

Albert peered into the car. "You all ready, Hap?"

"Ready as I'll ever be," Maione growled.

"O.K.," said Albert. "Do it quick. Remember they got guns. I'll see you tomorrow." He went back to his car, Abbando tagging along, and drove away.

It was just nine o'clock when Happy Maione, attired in a black dress, veil, high heels and all, knocked on the basement window. When Lattoro opened a heavy iron gate in response to the knock, Maione drew a gun and pushed his way into the room, shouting for Goldstein and Gurino, who waited at the curb in the stolen car.

All three rushed into the house and shot both union officials dead. On the way out, in an excess of trigger-happiness, they riddled a mongrel dog whining in a corner.

Though this was a job in the traditional Anastasia pattern, he stormed at his goons when they reported the next day. "God damn it, you ain't supposed to do no extra 'shoot-in'! Look at what the papers are sayin' about killin' that mutt! Ain't you got no sense?"

How does an Anastasia get that way? I wouldn't even attempt to answer, but others have listed a number of contributing factors: public indifference, incompetent public officials, politicians. It is a matter of record

that, years later, upon being warned that crusading prosecutor Thomas Dewey might be elected governor of New York State, Anastasia said, "So what? Who cares who's governor? We've got the politicians."

Born Umberto Anastasio at Beri, in Calabria, Italy, back in 1902, he arrived here by jumping ship in 1917. He went to live with George Terillo in Red Hook, Brooklyn. Terillo, an old friend of the family, took the youngster to work on Brooklyn docks. There he called himself Anastasia, a minor change in spelling, but, no matter how you spelled it, the name came to mean assault, robbery, murder.

Albert Anastasia's first two brushes with the law concerned simple assault. The "simple" means "no weapon used." By 1920 he had become an accomplished robber, holding up small stores at gunpoint, yet even this must have seemed tame to the man later to be widely known as the Assassin.

At this point he decided to raise his sights and do a job on his benefactor, George Terillo. Terillo was a front man for shylocks (moneylenders) on the docks, and often carried as much as \$1,200 or \$1,500 on his person.

Albert spoke to his accomplice, Joe Speranza, about it. "Let's take George," he said. "He's always good for a bundle."

"How do we do that? He knows us both."

"We shoot him in the back, so who cares who he knows?"

On May 16, 1920, Anastasia and Speranza waylaid Terillo and pumped eight bullets into his back. As he lay dead in the street, they went through his pockets but found only a gold watch and a few dollars in cash. Terillo had already delivered his collections.

Within 48 hours the culprits were in custody and had been identified by five witnesses. Anastasia and Speranza were convicted and sentenced to die. This looked like a quick end to a bad beginning, but unfortunately it didn't work out that way.

IT took until December of 1921 for the Appeals Court to find that sentencing Judge Van Sicken had made a legal error. A new trial was ordered and was called in June, 1922. By that time four of those eyewitnesses had been shot to death and the fifth was in a state mental institution. Albert and his accomplice went free.

If you ain't got no witnesses . . .

Following his release from Sing Sing, Anastasia quickly rose from a two-bit hoodlum and muscleman to become boss of the racket-ridden Brooklyn waterfront. Nobody worked unless Albert nodded yes. After that nod the longshoreman had to shell out 50 cents a week to Albert. Doesn't sound like much, but with from 1,700 to 4,200 workers paying, Albert did all right for himself. And anyone who balked at kicking back was soon visited by the boss.

"What's the matter? You don't want to work?" he challenged Paul Limoni, one guy

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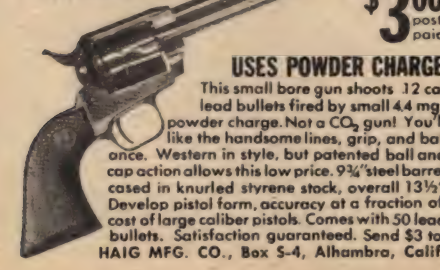
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who had refused to pay him the tribute.

"Sure I want to work, but I don't have to pay you or your collectors to do it."

"Act nice, now, or you'll get something bad happen to you," Albert threatened.

"I'm not afraid of you," Limoni answered.

They were standing at the edge of the dock. Nonchalantly, Anastasia stooped and picked up a baling hook, then lashed out, striking Limoni across the face with it. As Limoni staggered, blood gushing from the raw wound, Albert rushed in, hurling him off the dock and into the water. Fortunately the man could swim and, with the help of several shocked spectators, was dragged to safety. Albert had walked away and was getting into his car. This was just a warning.

BECAUSE of the uncertainty of employment, moneylenders abound among the longshoremen. Anastasia moved right in on the shylocks without investing a dime. With the Limoni affair fresh in their minds, Albert had little trouble convincing those unlicensed bankers that he was entitled to 10 per cent of the exorbitant interest they collected weekly. Some decided to get away from the locality, but those who remained paid promptly.

Not only the lenders but the borrowers also were under the threatening shadow of Albert Anastasia. Take the case of Lawrence Rice. In the slack season he borrowed \$100. After paying \$10 a week for 36 weeks, Rice refused to pay any more. He got an urgent message to report to Anastasia's headquarters in the City Democratic Club at Clinton and Degraw Streets.

"You gotta pay up," Anastasia greeted him.

"I've already paid \$10 a week for 36 weeks. I won't pay more. I can't," Rice pleaded.

"That \$10 a week is interest. You still owe the hundred. You better pay up or you'll go overboard in a cement overcoat," Albert threatened.

Rice paid.

Now Anastasia extended his operations to include bookmakers. He called a meeting of them at the club and laid down the law. If they were going to operate in his territory and wanted to avoid a lot of bad luck such as being shot in the back, stabbed or beaten to a pulp, they had to turn over to Albert two per cent of the net take.

Lieutenant John Osnato took a squad of us to Albert's club one night and we went through the place from cellar to roof. Nothing was found.

Osnato challenged Anastasia: "You're not a citizen. How the hell do you come to be running a political club?"

"You guys make me sick," Anastasia said. "So I ain't a citizen, but I can be civil-minded, can't I? There ain't no law against that, is there?"

Anastasia's iron rule over the mob-infested docks attracted the attention of Charles Luciano, the notorious Charley Lucky. Through him Anastasia made a lot of new gangland connections. Lucky was a protégé of Ignazio Saitta, a maniacal character known as Lupo the Wolf. High in Mafia councils, the Wolf ruled a mob that hustled dope and ran an Italian lottery while extorting money under threats of bombs or murder. Charley Lucky began as a pineapple heaver (bomb thrower) for Lupo.

But the Wolf got too ambitious and went

into competition with the federal government by making his own currency, for which the government sent him to Atlanta Penitentiary for 30 years. A wave of killings ensued in the struggle for Lupo's throne. Lucky backed Giuseppe Masseria, who had narrowed the field to himself and Umberto Valenti, a bootlegger. Then Masseria was ambushed and shot, but escaped with minor damage. After a conference had been arranged to bring Masseria and Valenti together in an East Side café, Lucky sent for Anastasia.

"Al, I got a job for you. Guy named Valenti is giving Joe Masseria a lot of trouble. I want you to fix him up."

"Point him out to me and I'll evaporate him myself," Albert replied. That "evaporate" became his favorite term for a killing, though occasionally he would say, "hit him in the head," which meant the same thing.

A week later, as Valenti emerged from a taxicab on his way to the café conference, Anastasia blew off the top of his head with a shotgun. This was the Assassin's first out-of-Brooklyn killing, and the fact that he did it with his own hand made a very favorable impression on the rackets bosses everywhere, and even the hired guns were impressed.

Competition removed, Masseria took over the Lupo mob and became known as Joe the Boss. He appointed deputies such as Frank Uale, alias Frankie Yale, who handled bookmakers; August Carfano, alias Little Augie Pisano, who bossed the bootleggers, and Charley Lucky, whose specialty was narcotics, while Masseria himself ran the Italian policy game.

About that time Anastasia and others began infiltrating the clothing industry and trucking firms. The large oil companies were struck by the truckers. For a week nothing moved, then Albert's strikebreakers arrived with club-carrying goons to protect them. As violence increased, more police were assigned, and Detective Clarence Gilroy and I got into the act.

We were at Avenue U and Flatbush Avenue when the Assassin rolled by in his Cadillac.

"That was Anastasia's car," Gilroy said. "If he comes back, we'll see what plays."

The car did return and we halted it.

"What are you doing down here?" Gilroy asked.

ON occasion when talking to cops, Anastasia could sound as innocent as a babe in a bassinet. "I ain't makin' no crimes," he said. "I ain't going to start no trouble."

"That's just fine," Clarence applauded him, "but get out of the car, anyway. We want to look you over."

"Look, Mr. Gilroy, I got about 200 of my boys down here protectin' the fellows who are working. Don't search me here. Follow me up the block, hey?"

Gilroy was unimpressed. "Out!" he boomed, gesturing with his thumb.

Albert climbed out and damned near got skulled as Clarence scaled the car's front seat over his head. A hulking giant of a man, Clarence Gilroy was one of the city's most competent detectives and a wonderful guy for anybody but a hoodlum. He literally tore that Cadillac apart but found nothing amiss, not even a gun or a blackjack in the glove compartment. Meanwhile, Anastasia stood with his arms in the air while I searched his

person. He had \$6,000 in bills on him, but no weapons.

Clarence turned away from the car and looked at Albert. "O.K. On your way," he said. "But if we see you down here again we'll book you."

"Book me for what?" Albert rasped as he adjusted his coat with a dandy's elegance.

"For vagrancy," I put in.

"With six grand and a Cadillac, I'm a bum?"

"You are a bum," I assured him.

Pieced together, episodes like this give even a cop a pretty well-rounded portrait of a guy. The interesting thing here was to observe how sensitive the Assassin was to derision or even the possibility of derision. Yet he had to run that strike, and sure enough he again ran afoul of Gilroy and in he went.

Of course the charge of vagrancy could never be made to stick. What Gilroy wanted to accomplish was not only to pull Albert down a peg by getting him onto the police line-up platform, but to have the lawmen get another good look at this growing menace that was Albert Anastasia.

STANDING under the lights, Albert took a verbal belting from several high officials, and he rasped right back in that peculiar hoarse voice that once heard was never forgotten. His attitude annoyed hard-bitten Police Commissioner Valentine, who took a hand in the questioning.

"When did you begin dealing in narcotics?" Valentine asked.

"Never did," the Assassin replied.

"What about this story that you put up \$50,000 to finance shipments of heroin from France?"

"Some joker wrote that in the paper. You ought to stop tailing me and put a couple of men on this joker. He must be hitting the pipe to write that stuff. I got nothing to do with dope."

"Got anything to do with murder?" Valentine shot back.

We had to let him go, and Anastasia walked out as cocky as ever. He may have frustrated the cops, but Joe the Boss got after him and others for mixing into such businesses as trucking and the garment trades. Joe wanted to stick to narcotics, the lottery, bootlegging and the like, with which he was familiar. The younger faction, including Charley Lucky, wanted an all-out drive on labor and management.

Only Frankie Yale, of the younger element, sided with Joe the Boss. A week later Yale was driving along near the docks in Brooklyn when two men pulled up alongside in another car and, as nonchalantly as if they were using insecticide, sprayed him with machine-gun bullets.

As Anastasia had complained so bitterly about being blamed for everything, I hesitate to state unequivocally that he was the machine-gunner, but nobody thinks it was Snow White and the seven midgets. Joe the Boss had his own ideas and called a meeting about Yale's demise.

"When I find out who did this, somebody's going to get bumped," he declared. His extremely quizzical attitude toward Albert Anastasia caused the latter to do some thinking.

"Charley," he told Lucky, "I think we need a new boss. Who the hell needs these handle-bar guys to run things, anyway?"

In case you don't know, the term "handle-

bar guys" is a Mafia expression for the older members with their down-curving mustaches.

"I won't forget the way he kept looking at me," the Assassin snarled. "Next time you take him to Scarpatto's at Coney Island, you tip me."

"Nothing doing," Lucky said.

Anastasia stared hard at him. "You mean you're against me?"

"O.K., Al. I guess you're right. We'll be there next Friday night."

True to his word, Lucky took Joe the Boss to Scarpatto's, and Albert Anastasia was waiting—along with an escape-car driver, Joseph Barberi, and a lookout, Angelo Simonelli. After he had given his order to the waiter, Lucky excused himself on the pretext of having to go to the men's room. A moment later, from a nearby window, Anastasia pumped shotgun shells into Joe the Boss until his body sprawled dead on the floor.

Within two months Barberi and Simonelli, who knew every detail of the Boss's murder, were found shot to death near the Gowanus Canal section of Brooklyn.

If you ain't got no witnesses . . .

In 1933, with Prohibition a dying institution, the mobs called a convention at Atlantic City. There were Little Augie, Charley Lucky, Louis Buchalter from New York, Johnny Torrio from Chicago, the Fischettis from Detroit, Buggsy Siegel from California, and Willie Moretti from New Jersey. Dozens of others attended this conclave, which lasted for three days.

It was there that the National Crime Syndicate was formed, territories assigned, and Albert Anastasia, on the basis of his record, was appointed Lord High Executioner. Albert went on a monthly retainer, with the understanding that he could be summoned at any time, anywhere. In addition, guarantees of his sovereignty over the Brooklyn rackets were confirmed. He had come a long way since his Red Hook days.

When the first call came for Albert to take the show on the road, he didn't disappoint his employers. In fact, he accidentally gave them two corpses for the price of one. Summoned to Detroit, the Assassin was to dispose of a guy named Harry Millman. As this was his first contract for the new National Crime Syndicate, Albert proposed something special.

"I'll evaporate this guy with a bomb," he said.

THE Assassin studied Millman's movements for a few days and when the opportunity afforded itself he attached a bomb under the hood of Millman's car, set to go off with the self-starter. That was the day Millman got a toothache and sent Bill Holmes to fetch his car. Holmes was blown to bits.

"What lousy luck!" the Assassin moaned. "This is costing me time and money. Now I gotta have a getaway car and a driver." Two days later he invaded a crowded restaurant at the dinner hour to blast Millman out of existence with his favorite weapon, a sawed-off shotgun.

Nobody in Detroit could or would identify him. He wasn't even picked up for questioning.

Back in Brooklyn and realizing that he was going to be a very busy man and would need a bigger staff, Albert went to a Brownsville restaurant operated by Louis Capone where

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he knew he could find recruits. This place was a hangout for such assorted thugs as Homicide Harry Strauss, Buggsy Goldstein, Happy Maione, Vito "Chicken Head" Gurino, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, Frank "The Dasher" Abbando and other young hoods then imposing a reign of extortion terror on that locality—certainly as amazing a collection of subhumans as ever was seen outside of a horror movie. Assassin Albert enrolled this gang under his banner and thereafter referred to them as "my Brooklyn troop." Now he could dispatch hired guns anywhere on a moment's notice.

In spite of his new importance in the country-wide setup, Albert did not neglect affairs on the waterfront, where all of his rackets were flourishing. He knew, however, that he could maintain his position only so long as no one dared defy his authority and make it stick—which was just too bad for a guy named Irving Feinstein.

A FORMER pugilist with a badly battered nose, Puggy Feinstein went into business as a moneylender along Piers 15 and 16 at Montague Street. He was doing all right until Vince Mangano, one of Anastasia's collectors, came along.

"How do you come to operate here without an O.K.?"

"Who gives the O.K. and who needs it?" the belligerent Puggy demanded.

"Albert A. is the boss and he gives the O.K.," Mangano said.

"Get lost before I belt you," was the way Puggy signed off.

This was in mid-August and when Albert got the news he felt that it was important enough to cut short his stay at the Saratoga race track in upstate New York, and return to Brooklyn. He was in a black mood when he accosted Feinstein.

"Didn't Vince tell you to knock it off?" he asked.

"Who the hell are you?"

"I am Albert A. and I think you know it," the aroused Assassin rasped.

"Well, Albert, you got nothing to do with me."

"You are kidding? Yes?"

"No, I ain't kidding. I'm staying here."

Anastasia sent for Homicide Harry Strauss and Abe Reles. "Get some of the boys and hit this Puggy in the head," he ordered.

"What is his other name?" Strauss asked.

"I don't know, but he ain't hard to find. He's a small guy they call Puggy, and he comes from Borough Park."

"What kind of job do you want?"

"Use a rope for a change, then burn him. I want this contract handled right away, because this guy talked fresh to me," the Assassin rasped. His ego was showing again.

When several days had passed without any result, Anastasia again sent for Strauss. He wanted to know what was holding things up.

They had had no luck, said Strauss, because they didn't know the chump's last name. So Albert made a few telephone calls and at length discovered that Puggy was being financed by Tiny Benson, an East New York taxicab driver turned shylock.

"You get this Puggy to look for you on the Corner," Anastasia sent word to Benson.

"And make sure you are not there when he looks." The Corner meant a candy store at Saratoga and Livonia Avenues, run by Midnight Rose Gold. The "Midnight" tag had been hung on this illiterate dame because of

the number of times she had bailed hoods out of police stations in the dead of night.

Labor Day evening found Strauss, Reles and Goldstein in front of the place. Nearby sat Anthony "Duke" Maffetore in his car. Another car containing three young men pulled up, and one of the young men got out to look around. He spoke to Strauss. "Anybody know where I can find Tiny Benson?"

"Haven't seen him lately. Who will we say was askin' for him, if he comes by later?"

"Just say Puggy from Borough Park," and the fellow started back toward his friends' car.

Strauss quickly told Reles, "This is Albert's contract." So Goldstein was sent to stall the guy while Strauss and Reles put their heads together.

After further friendly overtures, they got Puggy to accompany Goldstein in Maffetore's car, supposedly to go hunting Benson. After an hour Goldstein was to bring the victim to 649 East 91st Street where Reles lived on the ground floor of a two-family structure.

Strauss told Reles, "I better rush over to Albert's to get an O.K. on takin' this guy from the Corner." Meaning the location might be suspect if a fellow disappeared from there and later found murdered.

Reles said, "Well, scram, then," and went on home, where he asked Sophie Karsh, his mother-in-law, to get him the ice pick and a length of clothesline. That accomplished, the old lady was ordered to bed.

Strauss was back in 40 minutes with the word. "Albert says it's O.K." Then his glance caught the ice pick and he added, "I won't need that tonight. You know Albert wants him to get the rope and then burn."

"Yeah, I know. But it's somethin' extra, just in case," said Reles. Strauss took it and sat behind the door leading to the apartment. Reles, the rope behind him, slouched in a chair near the radio. Shortly Goldstein arrived to find out what was what. "Bring the bum in," Strauss told him.

When Puggy hesitated in the doorway, Goldstein shoved him into the dimly lit living room where he was immediately set upon by Strauss, who hooked a gorillalike arm around Puggy's neck to draw his head back. Reles quickly slipped the rope over the fighting Feinstein's head, then looped it around his knees. You could almost feel the presence of Albert A. hovering over the scene, instructing the boys.

GOLDSTEIN, who had been watching, jumped in to deliver several well-directed kicks into the struggling man's groin, while all three slowly forced him onto a couch. There they finally succeeded in trussing him up in such fashion that every time he moved he hastened his own death by strangulation. Pretty soon Puggy wasn't moving at all.

Puggy Feinstein's body was carried out a side door to Maffetore's car. The latter and Goldstein headed for the Carnarsie dumps, first stopping to buy a five-gallon can of gasoline. They rolled the body out at Fillmore Avenue and East 52nd Street. After the gas was poured over it, matches were tossed on the corpse. Just part of the head and feet remained after the fire. I was on the scene of Puggy's funeral pyre and know that identification was made from a dental chart.

A couple of years later when crusading Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey began hacking away at the hoodlum empire, Anastasia took inventory and recalled that the only one of his men not implicated in the Feinstein murder, yet who knew all about it, was Vince Mangano, whose beef had brought the boss back from Saratoga. To think was to act with Albert, and before the week was out Mangano's body was found shot to death in some tall weeds near Jamaica inlet.

If you ain't got no witnesses . . .

It wasn't that Albert had any hard feelings against witnesses. But they got in the way. They were a threat. And even if you liked them personally, they had to be eliminated.

Take the case of Henry "Knockout" Halpern, for example. A punch-drunk former boxer, he drifted into menial tasks for Anastasia. He never was given anything important to do because whatever Halpern got into always wound up in a brawl. He would suddenly "hear the bell" and somebody got belted. His antics seemed to amuse the Assassin. Unknown to Anastasia, Halpern got himself arrested for assault. Put on probation, he had to report weekly at the Criminal Courts Building.

HE was seen coming out of this edifice of law and order, and the matter was duly reported to Albert A. Still afflicted with the Dewey jitters, the Assassin recalled that Halpern had unwittingly walked into a garage on Eastern Parkway while the Whitey Rudnick ice-pick murder was under way, so what was he to think but that the Dewey staff was at work on one of his boys?

The next time Halpern left the probation office and stepped into State Street, a car whizzed by and the punch-drunk battler heard his last bell as he was counted out by a shotgun blast.

The location was close to Brooklyn Headquarters and I was one of the first on the scene. Having previously arrested Halpern, I recognized the body and crossed into Livingston Street, seeking a telephone to impart that information to our office. I walked into a restaurant and there sat Albert Anastasia presiding over a full dinner table, surrounded by a coterie of bums.

"One of your mob just got his over on State Street," I told him.

"I been here three hours."

"Then it's time to get out into the air. Take your hat and coat. Come over and see Halpern; he was one of your henchmen."

Albert turned puzzled eyes to the guy next to him. "What's a henchman?" he asked. The guy shook his head.

Subjected to 20 hours of interrogation, Anastasia complained bitterly that he never would have been bothered if I hadn't stum-

bled on him accidentally in the restaurant. He professed amazement that anybody would connect him with the murder of "poor Knockout."

Before releasing him, Chief Inspector Gallagher blistered his ears with a tirade such as he rarely indulged in, concluding with the prediction, "And mark my word, you'll wind up in the chair!"

"I ain't going to wind up in no chair, because I ain't doin' nothin'," the Assassin replied.

He "wasn't doin' nothin'." Well, I suppose even murder ceases to be a thing that people wonder at when it is repeated endlessly. There isn't space enough here to log the Assassin's complete score in homicide. There isn't even enough space to detail the Brooklyn cases on which I worked, like the tragic end of Peter Panto, ambitious union rank-and-filer who challenged Anastasia's power and wound up in a grave of quicklime; or of Charles "Vannie" Higgins, the bootlegger who was slaughtered in front of his own family; or of Rocco Morgani or Morris Diamond and many another—shot, knifed, bludgeoned, choked, burned—a long roll call of brutality and horror.

And of course that's without even mentioning the out-of-town cases for the Syndicate. Buggy Siegel got his while he dozed in Virginia Hill's California mansion. Willie Moretti was cut down in a New Jersey restaurant. Walter Sage had a slot machine tied to his neck before being dumped in an upstate New York lake. Anthony Romeo was slashed to ribbons and thrown into the Delaware River. And so on, almost ad infinitum—all traceable to the Assassin.

BUT Albert's time finally ran out, and Chief Gallagher's prediction came true. Anastasia did die in the chair—a barber's chair.

Why he got it and who were the perpetrators are still unanswered questions, but insiders insist that Albert's efforts to muscle in on big-time gambling in Cuba lowered the boom. Anyway, he left his \$70,000 Fort Lee, New Jersey, mansion and drove to midtown Manhattan. After parking his car, he arrived at the Hotel Park Sheraton's barber shop. He was greeted by proprietor Arthur Grasso, "Good morning, Mr. A. Take chair number four."

Anastasia hung up his hat and coat, and walked with that peculiar rolling gait of his to the designated chair.

"Gimme a haircut," he told Joseph Bocchini, and closed his eyes.

There is a time to live and a time to die, and though he didn't know it, the Assassin's life was drawing to a close. Two masked men, each carrying two guns, entered the shop through the front door.

"If you don't want your head blown off, keep your mouth shut," one of them warned Grasso.

The shop is only 35 feet long by 28 wide, so it required only seconds for those masked men to get directly behind Anastasia. Both seemed to fire at once. Albert leaped from the chair and stumbled forward. Another double blast threw him up against the mirrored wall, and, with one arm flailing the air, apparently seeking support, Albert Anastasia slid slowly to the floor. Five of the ten shots fired had hit him.

The Lord High Executioner had been executed.



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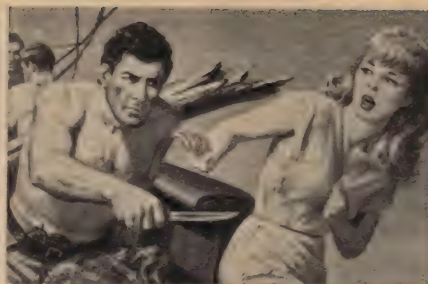
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Hostage-Girl Prison Ship

Continued from page 21

deck. Then he faced the crew, grinning.

"There's one vote. Anybody else?" There was an uneasy silence, broken finally by nervous laughter. "All right, let's take the ship."

After the *Indispensible* surrendered, she yielded a cargo of silver, wines and silks. There were several women aboard. They were transferred to Charlie's ship, and the captured crew had their hands and feet tied and were pushed face down on deck.

Antonio, a dark-skinned Cuban who had supported Gibbs from the beginning, spoke to him in a low voice. "Don't fire the ship, Charlie. I know a man in Havana who'll buy it and the cargo. No questions asked."

Charlie clapped him on the shoulder. "A fence, hey? Antonio, you're a real businessman. Havana it is!"

"What about the prisoners?"

"Can you sell *them*, too, Antonio?"

The Cuban grinned maliciously.

"They are too lazy to work."

"Then they're of no use to us, are they? I leave them to you, Antonio."

WHILE Gibbs watched, Antonio went down the row and methodically shot them with his pistol, ignoring all pleas for mercy. The captain was left till last. As his turn came, he offered a ransom of \$5,000 for his life. The Cuban reported this to Gibbs.

Charlie stroked his bristling chin. "What would you suggest, you mercenary devil?"

"I say, no witnesses."

"Right you are!" Charlie cupped his hands about his mouth and yelled to the crew, "The captain will pay five thousand pounds for his life, so he can witness our hanging. Do we spare him?"

"No! Kill him!" the crew roared back.

Gibbs walked over to the captain, and gazed down at him. "What makes you think you're worth five thousand pounds? To your wife, perhaps?" He prodded the man with his foot and laughed. "Don't flatter yourself. I know women. Her bed won't be empty long."

"I'll see you in hell, Gibbs," the captain answered.

"That may be," Charlie said evenly as he fired into the captain's head.

The *Indispensible* was taken to a small, uninhabited cove near Cape Antonio, Cuba, where it was completely altered in appearance. Deciding to use the cove for headquarters, Charlie had his men build a small fort, with four cannon commanding the bay. Then Antonio and a few other men rigged a longboat and went to Havana, where the ship and cargo were sold for 1/4 of their value—a good price for everyone concerned.

For the next three years the world suffered the full venom and fury of Charlie Gibbs, the last of the deep-sea pirates. As he and his crew burned, raped and looted their way from one end of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico to the other, they

left a wake of terror that outdid the worst crimes of Blackbeard. Worst of all, this time the terror was nameless and faceless. The pirates left behind no clues, no witnesses. They sank over 50 ships and murdered more than 500 men. As for the women aboard: Well, Charlie later said, "we let them live a little . . . for an hour or so." He bared his teeth in a grin. "We were only human, you know."

President Monroe dispatched a full U.S. Naval Squadron to the West Indies to deal with the menace. But they didn't know where to look, or whom to look for.

Charlie defiantly slipped ashore at Havana, wearing the finest of clothes and a top hat, and introduced himself to U.S. Navy officers as "Mr. Jeffers, late of Boston." He had gold to spend, and he spent it freely. He awed the pink-cheeked midshipmen with tales of his exploits on the *Chesapeake*, and took them to the best bordellos in town. Mr. Jeffers was popular with the officers, who'd tell him about their squadron, its mission, the ships in it, their speed, armament, and plan of search. They were delighted to get his advice on where to look for the wily and elusive pirates.

Afterward, Charlie returned to the fort and laughingly recounted it all to Antonio—the only man, he once said, whose villainy matched his own.

Then came the day when they spied the *Orrust*, of Curacao, off Cape Antonio. It was a sultry, almost windless August day of blazing sun. The sea was a slimy mustard green, as though diseased. Charlie stared morosely ahead as they closed in on the helpless vessel. "There's something evil in the air," he said. "I pity the man who dies today."

Maybe it was pity that made Charlie spare Carla Davila that day as she knelt before him on the deck of the *Orrust*. Or maybe it was something else.

GIBBS took Carla to his quarters in the fort and gave her her first lesson in serving him. She obeyed him mutely. He mocked her innocence and took pleasure in her degradation as though, through her, he was revenging himself on the world he'd rejected. Finally he kicked her, like a beaten dog, under his desk in the corner, and went to sleep on the bed.

While he slept, it began to thunder and rain drummed on the roof. As the storm increased in fury, Charlie twisted and moaned in his sleep while Carla wept fearfully on the floor.

In the morning they found that the storm had smashed the ship onto the rocks. It would take eight weeks to repair.

Antonio was worried. With their ship out of commission, they'd be defenseless if a gunboat discovered their hideout. He wanted Charlie to go to Havana to keep track of the movements of the American squadron. But Charlie refused. "They'll never find us,"

he said. "And besides, I want to be here to watch the repairs."

"To be with the girl, you mean. I don't like it, Charlie. The men don't like it."

"It's my business," growled Gibbs. "I paid for her."

"All right, Charlie. Just don't make us pay, too."

Carla's persecution continued for the next few weeks. She bore it bravely, without a sign of complaint. As time went on, Charlie began to feel a grudging respect for her. His manner began to change; he became less crude, more gentle. But they seldom spoke.

Then one evening, as he returned from an inspection of the ship, he heard her scream from somewhere near the fort. "Carla!" he yelled. He ran like a madman and found her in a clearing, struggling with a member of his crew.

GROWLING like an animal, he flung the man on his back, then stabbed him again and again, not stopping until the man was dead. Through it all, Carla had cringed against a tree, the back of her hand to her mouth. When he had finished and risen, with blood covering his clothes and dripping from his hands, Carla ran to him and pressed herself against him. Both of them were trembling.

Gently, he took her hand and led her to the fort.

The next morning, as Charlie walked down the path to the ship, his way was blocked by Antonio, and three others holding muskets.

Gibbs looked from one to the other. "All right. What is it?"

"We've taken a vote, Charlie," Antonio replied. "We want the girl."

"What's she to you?" Gibbs demanded.

"What's she to you? You killed a man for her last night. That's not good, Charlie."

"Right!" said one of the men. "Share and share alike, it used to be."

"Scum," Gibbs muttered.

The men closed in angrily. Antonio put his face within inches of Charlie's. "No witnesses, remember? We'll give you a choice, Charlie. Hand her over nice and peaceful like and everything will be like before."

Charlie closed his eyes for a moment, picturing Carla in the hands of his crew.

"You're getting soft!" Antonio hissed. "You've lost your guts!"

"I'm Charlie Gibbs!" he shouted. "Who says I've lost my guts?"

"Then prove it. A man's back from Havana, Charlie. The squadron left two weeks ago, nobody knows for where. We've got to put to sea. What do you say, Charlie?"

Gibbs laughed. "You think I give a damn about a woman? Damn me, boys, it is time we went to sea again!"

Antonio grinned, the other men relaxed. "Just one thing," Charlie added quickly. "I paid for the girl and I'll be the one to dispose of her. Is that understood?"

Two of the men began to protest, but Antonio stopped them. "All right, Charlie. But we go to sea tomorrow, so she dies tonight. Agreed?"

"Tonight."

That evening Charlie took Carla to a clearing on a promontory overlooking the sea. There he poured her a mug of wine from a flagon he'd brought from the fort. "Forget your troubles," he told her. His voice was hard.

"Will you drink with me?"

He produced a flask. "I'm drinking rum."

She hesitated, studying his face. "Do as I say," he commanded harshly. "Drink the wine."

She crossed herself and drained the mug quietly. Then she made a wry face. "It's rather bitter."

"Yes," he said. "It's bitter." He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands, unable to watch Carla die.

Charlie walked back to the fort, returned with a spade, and buried her, placing the flagon and mug on top of her grave. Then he went to the ship. "All right," he said. "The girl's dead." He had rum brought to him in his cabin, and drank himself into oblivion.

The ship put to sea at dawn but Charlie stayed in his cabin. From time to time, the crew would hear the sound of a smashing bottle. They left him alone.

On the third day, when their ship fell in with a schooner from Rio, Gibbs came on deck to lead the assault. He was dressed in his best clothes, freshly shaven, and only his red-rimmed, puffy eyes betrayed his condition. The schooner was taken easily. Charlie ordered the slaughter of the crew, standing by impassively as their bodies were thrown in the sea. Then he returned to his cabin.

There was no sign of the American squadron. A few days later they took another vessel, and Charlie's behavior followed the same pattern. But his heart wasn't in it; he wasn't the same Charlie Gibbs.

When they put in at Cape Antonio Gibbs stayed on the ship, drinking alone in his cabin. He never looked at the fort, nor did he ever glance up at the promontory that jutted out into the bay.

He was drinking in his cabin the next morning when he heard the lookout yell: "Ship o' war! American gunboat!"

Gibbs threw his bottle to the floor, hurried to the deck. There were two ships, and through his glass he saw the uniforms of U.S. Marines.

Shouting to his men to follow, he ran to the fort and threw open the door. Hurrying to the cannon whose muzzles pointed toward the harbor, he shouted, "Man the guns! Stand by to repel boarders!"

"You trying to be a hero?" yelled one of his men as all but Gibbs fled in panic. Charlie fired the cannon himself, going from gun to gun. When he had fired them all, he ran to the stove where his men had been brewing coffee. He set the pot on a table and rummaged in his desk until he found what he wanted.

A FEW minutes later he ran from the fort toward the hills, just as the shouting Marines reached the clearing.

When it was safe, Gibbs and his men emerged from the hills and made their way to Havana. There the pirates decided to disband. With their hideout discovered, with the U.S. Navy and Marines on their tail, it wasn't healthy to continue. Charlie went to his bank, drew out his money—\$30,000 in silver—and secretly booked passage to New York.

He arrived there on Christmas Day and enclosed himself in an alcoholic fog. Dressed in his finery, he staggered along the streets, wandered into theaters, drank himself senseless in waterfront dives, and passed out in the lowest of brothels.

He went to Boston, visited his old haunts, looked up his old consorts, found them diseased and broken haridans—and drank on.

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He almost never laughed, and seldom spoke. When he did, it was to talk of his bravery on the *Chesapeake*. He tried to forget the years in between. But in his sleep, Carla would come to him. He would shout, thrash his arms violently, and bark his bitter laugh, until whichever harlot he had bedded with for the night would flee in terror.

Then one morning Charlie woke with a hangover, cast a bloodshot eye at the slattern in his bed, and came to a decision. He began to throw his things into a sea bag.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" she asked.

"I'm tired of this filthy town," he said.

"It smells of cod and last year's sins." He picked up his bag, threw it over his shoulder.

"I-used to be a sailor, did you know that?"

ON November 23, 1830, the brig *Vineyard*, out of New Orleans for Philadelphia, was off Cape Hatteras. Her cargo was \$57,000 in silver. At midnight Captain William Thornby stood on deck, rolling with the wind-tossed sea, peering across the freezing water. From the stern came a call from Dawes, the boy at the helm, asking the mulatto steward, Tom Wansley, to trim the binnacle light. A good ship, a good crew, thought the captain. They'd make port tomorrow.

"Gibbs!" he called. "Tighten the mains' braces!"

"Aye, sir."

Thornby heard a sudden movement beside him, and half-turned as Wansley smashed a pump handle down on his head. As the pain exploded, he yelled "Murder!" and fell unconscious on the deck. Charlie ran up, grabbed the captain's feet, and he and Wansley heaved the body over the rail.

"Atwell! Church!" yelled Gibbs. "Guard the companionway!" Two men ran to the opening. As Mate Roberts appeared, they struck with their clubs, and he fell back to the deck below.

"He's still alive," muttered Wansley. "We'll have to silence him." He went below with Church and the boy, Bob Dawes. Soon they had the struggling Roberts on deck, and with one heave tossed him over the side into the billowing sea.

Dawes ran to the rail, staring out into the blackness, horror on his weak and vicious face. "He's still alive," said the boy in awe. "He's swimmin' and yellin' for help somethin' awful."

"Get back to the wheel," Charlie ordered gruffly. "Course northeast by east. And send Brownrigg and Talbot for'ard."

"What about Talbot and Brownrigg?" asked Wansley.

"Give them a share of the money," Gibbs answered. "They'll keep their mouths shut."

"I'd feel safer if they joined the mate and captain. No witnesses."

"No," Gibbs said gruffly. "We've shed enough blood." He turned as Talbot and Brownrigg appeared, and faced them with his feet wide apart. "I'm in command now."

Talbot, a thin Englishman, looked at Charlie nervously. Brownrigg, a young, muscular Yankee, stared down at the deck. "God rest their souls," he said quietly.

"Save your prayers for yourself," snapped Gibbs. "You two keep your mouths shut and it's share and share alike in the silver. Is it a bargain?"

"I'm with you, Charlie," said Talbot eagerly.

"Aye," said Brownrigg.

The following evening they sighted the

coast of Long Island, and hove to ten miles from shore. "From here on," said Gibbs, "you'll sweat for your money like the honest tars you are. Atwell, Church and Talbot will go in the jolly boat. The rest of us will follow in the long boat. Row along the coast until dawn, then make for the nearest beach. We'll join you there."

"What about the silver?" Atwell asked suspiciously.

Wansley started to answer but Charlie cut him short. "We'll divide it now," he said. The silver was divided into seven equal shares, and each man took his own.

When the jolly boat swung over the side, Gibbs ordered the seacocks opened on the *Vineyard*, then set her afire. As the flames shot high, he whispered: "The fires of Hell, Wansley." They joined Dawes and Brownrigg in the longboat.

They reached the opening of Jamaica Bay as the sun came up. Gibbs saw the three men in the jolly boat pulling toward shore. Suddenly a tremendous wave washed over the boat, lifted it, and dropped it onto a sand bar. In an instant the boat was swamped. The men, struggling frantically, were sucked into the next breaker, and disappeared forever.

"My God!" breathed Brownrigg. "All three of them!"

"Such a waste," Wansley commented. "Three sacks of silver."

"It was the silver that swamped them," Gibbs said ominously. "It'll swamp us, too." He stood up in the bobbing boat. "My share of the loot," he said, lifting one of the bags of silver and heaving it into the water. "One more. Yours, Wansley?" With an oath, the steward put his legs protectively over his sack. Gibbs turned to Dawes. "Yours?" The boy, sullen, shook his pasty face in denial.

Gibbs turned to Brownrigg. The youth nodded. "So be it," Charlie muttered. He bent, lifted, and heaved Brownrigg's share over the side. Then he took his seat, keeping his eyes on Brownrigg.

They soon made the beach, where Wansley and Dawes buried their sacks of silver in the sand...

Gibbs, Wansley and Brownrigg sat at a table in Samuel Leonard's Hotel, a rural tavern on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Dawes had gone to hire a team and driver. The room was crowded with local fishermen and farmers, who studied the three strangers. Wansley was nervously looking about as though afraid of being recognized. Charlie drank heavily, fastening his gaze on the bottle in front of him. Brownrigg was ill at ease.

ABRUPTLY, Gibbs broke the stillness. "You didn't care about the silver," he said to Brownrigg. "It would have paid for your silence."

"I told you to kill him," said Wansley, his voice tight. "You should have listened."

"There's still time for that," said Gibbs. The youth glanced from one to the other, his face pale.

Dawes reappeared at the table. "I have a team and driver." Wordlessly, the four walked to the door, Brownrigg flanked by Gibbs and Wansley, Dawes bringing up the rear. Conversation in the tavern died as the customers watched the strange procession.

They had reached the swinging door when Brownrigg abruptly twisted to face the room and yelled "Help! Murderers!"

Charlie swung his huge fist, knocking the

youth to the floor. The crowd shouted, and several burly men ran forward. Dawes cringed against a wall. Charlie glared about wildly, then turned and ran outside. Wansley had already disappeared.

Outside, Gibbs stopped and clenched his fists, hunching his shoulders and scowling at his pursuers. "Come an' get me," he growled. "I'm not running from you."

Half a dozen men rushed him. With joy in his eyes, he swung at the face of the first, dropping him with one powerful blow. The second he caught with a vicious kick that hurled him back into the crowd, and with a mean chop of his hand he broke the nose of the third. Then the butt of a pistol struck his skull from behind, and his knees buckled. Still struggling, he was pinioned to the ground. They found a loaded pistol in his belt—a pistol he hadn't drawn to defend himself.

Wansley later was found cowering in the bushes. He surrendered without a fight.

ON December 3, 1830, Gibbs, Wansley, Brownrigg and Dawes were arraigned before Magistrates Elias Hubbard and John Terhune of the Flatbush Court. Brownrigg talked freely, giving the court all the details of the crime on the *Vineyard*. Gibbs and Wansley said nothing, except for entering a plea of "Not Guilty." Dawes admitted the murders, but claimed coercion by Gibbs and Wansley. At this, Charlie uttered a short, sardonic laugh.

The four were handcuffed, put in a wagon, and escorted to New York City to stand trial before the U.S. District Court on charges of murder and piracy on the high seas. On the way, Charlie boasted of his part in the murders to U.S. Marshals Merritt and Morris. "It was as though he were asking to be hanged," Merritt related later. He reported that Gibbs exonerated Brownrigg completely, but insisted that Dawes was a "sniveling coward, as guilty as the rest."

Nevertheless, the Court permitted Dawes to turn state's evidence, and dropped the charges against him. His testimony, with Brownrigg's, would be enough to hang the two others.

The trial, in a packed courtroom, was treated sensationally by the New York press. On March 7, 1831, a trembling, tearful Wansley was found guilty of the murder of Captain William Thornby, and Dawes's testimony convicted Gibbs of the killing of Mate Roberts. Charlie took the verdict placidly, his hands between his knees.

They were sentenced to be hanged on April 22. As sentence was pronounced, Wansley went to pieces but Gibbs remained calm. They were led to their cells on Bellevue Island.

Up to this date, neither the police, the press, nor even his own companions had any inkling of Gibbs's other crimes. His incredible past had never even been suspected. Once in his cell, Charlie called the jailor, and asked for pen, ink, and paper.

"How much paper?" asked the turnkey.

"Enough to keep the fires of Hell burning," Charlie said.

He wrote for the rest of that day, setting down a full account of his life, beginning with his entrance into the Navy. Without sparing himself, he listed—when he could remember the names—the ships he had sunk or plundered. All in all, he confessed to some 500 murders. Nor did he neglect to confess

the murder of Carla. "The bare recollection," he wrote, "causes me to shudder."

The next day the New York papers carried his confession in full, but it was too monstrous for people to believe. The papers decided he was lying for some strange purpose of his own. Reporters flocked to his cell where Charlie supplied more particulars, dwelt on his crimes, even laughed at their expressions of shock or horror. For a brief while, he was his old self again, strutting in defiance of the world, cursing them foully for no reason at all.

At the suggestion of the New York *Post*, Lt. Kearney of the U.S. Navy, who had led the Marines in the assault on the Cape Antonio fort, visited him in his cell.

"Do you remember," Gibbs asked, "that when you took the fort, there was a pot of coffee on the table?"

Kearney turned to the reporters. "By God, he's telling the truth! There was a pot of coffee there."

"It's obvious you didn't drink it," Charlie said. "It was poisoned. A gift from Charlie Gibbs!" He threw back his head and roared.

After this revelation, the public realized that Gibbs was really the monster he claimed to be. But there still was something else that strained belief. Why, asked the press, if Gibbs was such an old hand at piracy, a man who'd been able to kill 500 men without leaving a trace, why did he bungle so badly on the *Vineyard*? Why did he foolishly let Brownrigg live to testify against him? Why did he come ashore on populous Long Island? Why did he so clumsily allow himself to be captured? He'd acted like an amateur, not the past master at murder he was.

Marshal Merritt had come close to the truth when he said, "It was as though he wanted to hang." Charlie Gibbs alone knew he was paying his debt to Carla.

ON April 22, 1831, Gibbs and Wansley were led from Bellevue Prison and conveyed under heavy guard to Ellis Island, aboard the steamer *Bellone*. On their way across New York's harbor, Charlie noticed that it was crowded with pleasure vessels and excursion boats decked out with banners.

"What's happened?" he asked. "What day is this?"

"The day of your hanging," was the answer. "They're waiting to see you hang."

Gibbs's face turned pale. Then he sighed, "Yes. It is a good day for the world. But it would have been even better if I'd never been born."

At precisely noon, the prisoners, escorted by 30 Marines, were led to the scaffold. As two clergymen prayed for their souls, nooses were tightened around their necks, black hoods pushed over their eyes.

Charlie took with him one last secret. His real name was not Gibbs. What it was, even now he refused to divulge. "My real name is on the honor roll of the United States Navy," he said. "Let it stay there. It's Charlie Gibbs you'll hang."

There was an awful hush as the trap door clanged open. Wansley died almost instantly, but the crowds gasped with horror as Gibbs writhed, fought the rope, raised his hand to the hood and partly dislodged it, then put his fist to his mouth—fighting to the end the fate he'd chosen. Then his hand dropped to his side. Charlie Gibbs, hero, patriot, murderer—the last of the deep sea pirates, was finally—perhaps—at peace. **END**

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editor's notes

TAIL GUN TROUBLE

To the Editor:

We are four airmen stationed at Chaumont Air Base, France, and we have just read "Find Lt. Sommers—Last Seen in India's 'Many Woman Village'" in the September issue. Now, we have been in the Crash Rescue department for eight years between us, but not one of us has ever heard of a C-47 with a tail gun on it, as the C-47 did in this story. There have been C-47s with guns on them, and now they have put guns in the sides of the aircraft—but none of these are called tail guns.

A/1C Robert Treloar
APO 119, New York City

► Author George Raffey answers that Capt. Bennison, the sole survivor of the C-47 crash, told him that an opening was made, by him and his crew, at the rear of the plane, and that a light machine gun was mounted there. "During those days," Raffey says, "gun ports were improvised for additional fire power by any crewman clever and industrious enough to do it. This was not the first time it was done, and won't be the last."

FOR FREE LOVE

To the Editor:

In October **FOR MEN ONLY**, "Hired To Lead Malaya's Secret Red Killers," the writer disapproved of a native woman's taking a lover because, in her own words, "I do not want my husband any more." The writer then indicates that this is morally shocking and uncivilized. Well, for my money, her attitude is far more honest and civilized. And, if her husband were any kind of man, he would have told her to have a ball, never returned to her, and found himself a new woman. Instead, he cried, begged her, and got about as low as a worm. On top of it all, he didn't get her back. But returning to that "civilized" bit: When a marriage has had it, who's to judge but the

couple involved what is right and wrong when it comes to sex? Society continues to impose general rules on individual, private problems when it should mind its own business. And that's what writer Moran should have done—minded his own business.

Paul Drayton
Chicago, Illinois

► We agree that people are entitled to their privacy, Paul, but there are some areas in which change comes slowly. And as far as adultery is concerned, one of the Ten Commandments answers that question.

1917 VS. 1944

Albert Ball, the WW I flier described in November FMO's story "The Violent, Screwball Career of WW I's 43-Kill Ace," deserves all the credit he got. At the time he flew, air-going craft were first being used and any man who mastered his plane, much less fought air duels in them, was a gutsy hero. Ball was experimenting like a bird that is just learning to leave the nest—and his ship was a flimsy kite strung together with glue and nails. His 43 kills are equal to any 143 kills scored during WW II. And comparing any of Korea's jet pilots' feats to his is like comparing Floyd Patterson to Jack Dempsey; Floyd wouldn't have lasted two rounds with the Mauler.

"Pops" Fabian
Toronto, Canada

► Yeah, that Dempsey sure could handle a Spad.

VICE IS KING

Guys like Vito Genovese, the Mafia crumb who made a fortune selling the flesh of girls, shouldn't be killed or sent to prison. They should be made to clean latrines and eat garbage for the rest of their lives.

Carl Schultz
Minneapolis, Minn.

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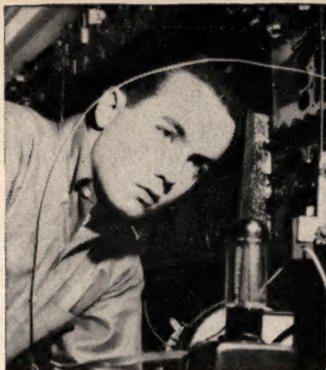
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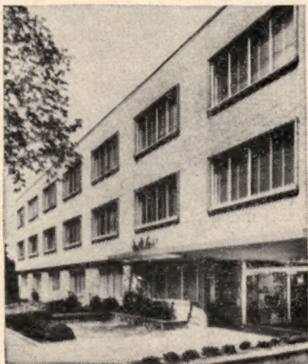
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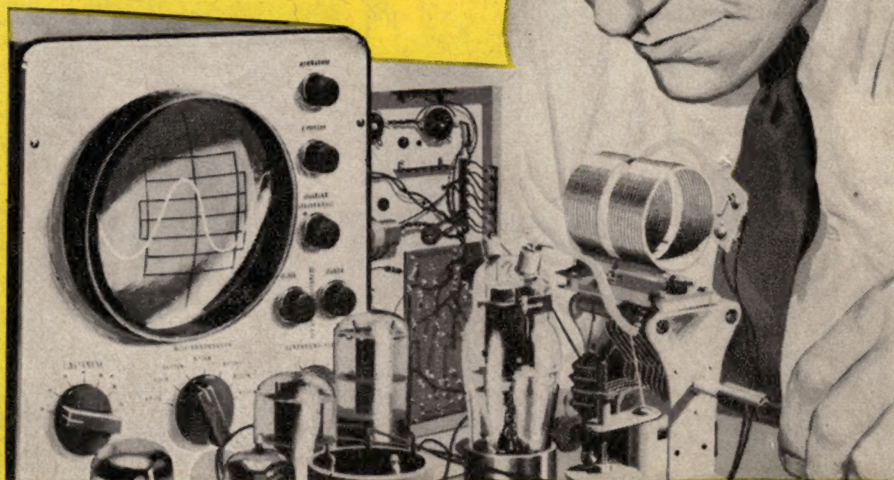
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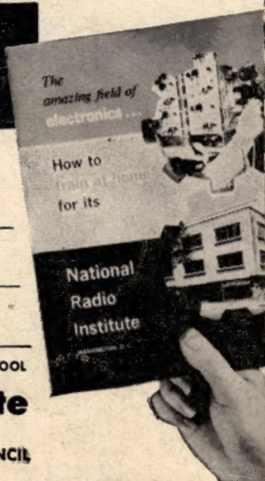
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